

The Spinster

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The Spinster
'05



DAVID GARRICK
as presented in the
SPINSTER PLAY

The SPINSTER



Where singleness is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wives

EDITED BY

The Students of Hollins Institute

VIRGINIA

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

In
the Heart of the
Hills, the Hollins Girl
has learned to be earnest and
loyal in the things that are worth
while doing; to keep eye and ear
and heart keen for the wisdom of
the out-of-doors world; to work and
to play heartily, weaving every day
into her service a thread of pure gold
for Truth with a thread of cardinal for
Joy; to love much and to be worthy
of much love. Some Hollins Girls
have been trusted to set forth the
work-and-play life of Hollins:
In fulfillment of this trust they
present and dedicate to the
Hollins Girl, inspiring
and aspiring, this
Hollins
Book



SPINSTER STAFF—September, 1904

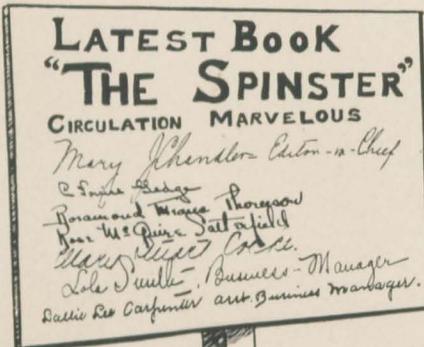


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MRS. B. C. BARBEE
Assistant

J. HOWARD BRADLEY
Steward

Roll of Students

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ISABEL ABERCROMBIE	Montgomery, Ala	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; K Δ; Alabama Club; Light Feet; T. A. R.		
LILLIAN ADAMS	South McAlester, I. T.	Waldorf	2
	Euepian.		
MARY ANDERSON	Clifton Forge, Va	Main	2
	Euzelian.		
JULIA ARMSTRONG	Corpus Christi, Texas	Main	1
	Euepian; Texas Club.		
LAURA ARMITAGE	Richmond, Va	Main	1
	Euzelian; Capitol Club; Yemassee.		
RAY ABRAHAM	Butte, Mont	Waldorf	1
	Euepian.		
MARGARET BAGBY	West Point, Va	Main	2
	Euzelian.		
EVAN BAKER	Beverly, W. Va	Tinnyment	1
	West Virginia Club.		
MARY BARKSDALE	Houston, Va	Main	2
	Euzelian.		
HELEN BARKSDALE	Houston, Va	Main	2
	Euzelian		
LAURA BARKSDALE	Laurens, S. C.	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Class '05.		
NETTIE BAIRD	Fort Spring, W. Va	Tinnyment	1
	West Virginia Club.		
BERNICE BARCLAY	Crenshaw, Texas	Tinnyment	4
	Euepian; Texas Club.		
LUCY BARHAM	Dallas, Texas	Waldorf	2
	Euepian; Texas Club.		
BLANCHE BELL	Atlanta, Ga	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief of the <i>Quarterly</i> ; final President of the Euzelian Society; Treasurer Class '05; South Carolina Club.		
ANNIE BENNETT	Hollins, Va	Home	4
JEANIE BENNETT	Hollins, Va	Home	3
ELIZABETH BIBB	Fort Worth, Texas	Waldorf	1
	Texas Club; Euepian.		
KATHLEEN BLOUNT	Union Springs, Ala	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Alabama Club; Σ Σ Σ.		
MABEL BOWER	Hollins, Va	Home	6
	Euzelian; Class '05.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
SUSIE BOWIE	Rome, Ga	Main.	1
	Euzelian; K Δ; Georgia Club; Yemassee.		
GUSSIE BOWLES	Salem, Va	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; Class '05; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '04-'05.		
GRACE BRIGGS	Richmond, Va	Main.	1
	Euepian; Capitol Club; Σ Σ Σ.		
MIRIAM BRIGGS	Richmond, Va	Main.	1
	Euepian; Capitol Club.		
SUSAN BRONSTON	Lexington, Ky	Main.	2
	Euzelian; Mohican; Kentucky Club; Cotillion Club; Crusader.		
CATHERINE BRYAN	Shanghai, China	Main.	1
	Secretary Y. W. C. A., '05-'06.		
ESTHER BRUSHART	Portsmouth, Ohio	Main.	1
	Euepian; Φ K E.		
SARAH BUCHANAN	Newnan, Ga	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Georgia Club.		
CUMMINS BULLITT	Big Stone Gap, Va	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; Φ K E; Yemassee.		
MATTIE BULLITT	Big Stone Gap, Va	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; Φ K E.		
ANNE BURGIN	Lexington, Ky	Waldorf	1
	Kentucky Club; Euepian.		
SOPHIA BURGIN	Lexington, Ky	Waldorf	1
	Kentucky Club; Euepian.		
MARY BURWELL	Chase City, Va	Main.	3
	Euzelian; M. A. C.		
MARGARET CADE	New Iberia, La	Waldorf.	2
	Euepian		
ADAH CALDWELL	Knoxville, Tenn	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Tennessee Club.		
MABEL CALDWELL	Temple, Texas	Main	1
	Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; Texas Club.		
EMILY CAMPBELL	Roanoke, Va	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; Class '05.		
ANNA CAMPBELL	Blacksburg, Va	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian.		
LALLIE LEE CARPENTER	Clifton Forge, Va	Waldorf.	3
	Euepian; Naughty Naught; Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER and Quarterly; Mohican; Light Feet; Leggins; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class.		
JANE CARPENTER	Fairmont, W. Va	Tinnyment	1
	West Virginia Club.		
EMMA CARSON	Knoxville, Tenn	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Tennessee Club		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELLEN CATOGNI	Roanoke, Va	Tinnyment	1
BELLE CAVE	Paducah, Ky	Main	2
	Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club; Crusader; M. M.		
MARY CHANDLER	Knoxville, Tenn	Main	3
	Euzelian; K Δ; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; Vice-President Class '05; Vice-President Tennessee Club; Leader Yemassee Rooters; O. O. O.; T. A. R.		
NANCY CHAPMAN	Smithfield, Va	Main	1
	Euepian; Cotillion Club; California Club.		
VIDA CHISHOLM	Savannah, Ga	Waldorf	4
	Euzelian; Naughty Naught; T. G.; Georgia Club; Leggins.		
ANNIS CLARK	Lynchburg, Va	Main	1
	Euepian; Δ T B; Crusader; O. O. O.; M. M.; T. A. R.		
LOUISE CLARK	Richmond, Va	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Γ O II; Capitol Club; Light Feet.		
BAXTER CLAYBROOK	Washington, Ky	Main	4
	Euepian; Kentucky Club.		
ANITA COCKE	Brownsville, Tex	Main	7
	Euzelian; Texas Club; President of Class '05; President Y. W. C. A. '04-'05; Crusader; II II.		
MARGARET COCKE	Hollins, Va	Home	
	Euepian; Naughty Naught; Associate Editor SPINSTER; Crusader; M. M.		
LEONA COHREN	Stuarts Draft, Va	Main	3
	Euzelian; Alabama Club; K. K. K.		
MABEL COGBILL	Chesterfield C. H., Va	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian.		
SADIE COOK	Knoxville, Tenn	Tinnyment	1
	Tennessee Club; Euzelian.		
FLORENCE CORRELL	Nara, Japan	Main	1
	Euzelian; K Δ.		
ETHEL CORRELL	Nara, Japan	Main	1
	Euepian; Φ M Γ; Capitol Club; T. G. Club; Crusader; M. M.		
BEBE CUMMINGS	Spartanburg, S. C	Waldorf	1
	South Carolina Club.		
ELEANOR DAILEY	Elkins, W. Va	Waldorf	4
	West Virginia Club; Yemassee.		
LUCY DANCY	Savannah, Ga	Main	2
	Euzelian; Georgia Club; Crusader.		
ANNA DANTZLER	Greenville, S. C	Main	1
	South Carolina Club.		
JULIETTE DOUGHERTY	Houston, Tex	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Texas Club; Mohican.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
NAN DAVIS	Lynchburg, Va.	Cottage	1
Euepian; A T B; Joker.			
ROY DENMAN	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	3
Euepian; Class '05; Texas Club; Final President Euepian Society.			
BEBE DENMAN	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	3
Euepian; Texas Club; Class '05; Mohican.			
FLOSSIE DENMAN	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	3
Euepian; Texas Club; Quarterly Staff; Yemassee.			
CHRISTINE DEVITT	Ft. Worth, Tex.	Waldorf	1
Texas Club.			
WILCIE DICKERSON	Birmingham, Ala.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Vice-President Alabama Club; K. K. K; Class '05.			
CLARA DILLON	Hollins, Va.	Home	2
LOUISE DIXON	Dixondale, Va.	Main	1
Euepian; Σ Σ Σ.			
FANNIE DRENNEN	Birmingham, Ala.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian; Alabama Club.			
MADELINE DUB	Savannah, Ga.	Main	1
Euzelian; Georgia Club; Yemassee.			
REBECCA DUKE	Maysville, Ky.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Kentucky Club.			
MINERVA EMBRY	Wilmore, Ky	Cottage	1
Euepian; Γ 0 Π; Kentucky Club.			
MARY ELLIOTT	Belington, W. Va.	Tinnyment	1
West Virginia Club.			
MARY B. FARISH	Columbus, Ga.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian; Φ M; Georgia Club.			
GENA FERST	Savannah, Ga.	Main	1
Euzelian; Georgia Club.			
HETHIE FITZPATRICK	Arrington, Va.	Tinnyment	1
Euepian.			
CARRIE FLOYD	Hollins, Va.	Home	
MYRTLE FLOYD	Hollins, Va.	Home	
CHARLIE FLOYD	Hollins, Va.	Home	
MONTIE FLOYD	Hollins, Va.	Home	
EMMA FOWLKES	Sunnyside, Va.	Main	1
MATTIE FOWLKES	Burkeville, Va.	Main	4
Euepian.			
VIOLA FOWLER	Washington, D. C.	Main	2
Euepian.			
MILDRED FRANCIS	Norfolk, Va.	Main	1
Euzelian.			
ALICE GARTH	Huntsville, Ala.	Main	1
Euzelian; Φ M; Alabama Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MATTIE GARETTE	Woodland, Cal.	Main	1
California Club, Yemassee.			
RUBY GARETTE	Woodland, Cal.	Main	1
California Club.			
PEARL GARETTE	Woodland, Cal.	Main	1
California Club.			
LOUISE GEDGE	Waukegan, Ill.	Waldorf	4
Euzelian, Φ M Γ; Class '05; Cotillion Club; Associate Editor SPINSTER; Final Vice-President Euzelian Society; Poet '05.			
MARIE GEDGE	Anderson, Ind.	Tinnyment	2
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; T. A. R.			
MAUD GIRDLER	Somerset, Ky.	Main	1
Euzelian; Γ 0 Π; Kentucky Club.			
LOUISE GRAHAM	Louisvilly, Ky.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Γ 0 Π; Kentucky Club.			
MINNIE BELL GRANT	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Main	1
Euzelian; Tennessee Club; President Christian Association '05; Mohican; Sheba Club; President Special Class.			
PEARL GROSJEAN	Lima, Ohio	Waldorf	3
Euepian.			
JOSEPHINE HADEN	Fincastle, Va.	Tinnyment	4
Euepian; Yemassee.			
LOUISE HALL	Dyersburg, Tenn.	Main	1
Euepian; Tennessee Club; K. K. K.			
ELOISE HARRIS	Hollins, Va.	Cottage	3
SINA LEE HARRIS	Louisville, Ky.	Main	3
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club; Cotillion Club; Class '05; Crusader; Joker.			
BONNIE HARSHBARGER	Hollins, Va.	Home	1
ROSE HAYWARD	New Orleans, La.	Tinnyment	1
T. A. R.; Piker; Joker.			
SULLY HAYWARD	New Orleans, La.	Main	1
Crusader; M. M.			
ELIZABETH HEADLEY	Lexington, Ky.	Waldorf	1
Kentucky Club; Γ 0 Π.			
LOUISE HENDERSON	Greenville, S. C.	Main	1
Euzelian; South Carolina Club.			
AYLETTE HENRY	Tazewell, Va.	Main	2
Euzelian; Yemassee; Crusader; Joker.			
LOUISE HIGGENBOTHAM	Cedar Bluff,	Tinnyment	1
BLANCHE HILLS	Paducah, Ky.	Main	2
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club; Joker; Crusader.			
VIVIAN HOHMANN	Johnstown, Pa.	Main	1
Euepian.			
LULA HOLLINS	Louisa, Va.	Main	2

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
HAZEL HOVER	Lima, Ohio	Waldorf	I
PEARL HUDSON	Luray, Va.	Main	I
CATHERINE PAGE JONES	Louisville, Ky.	Waldorf	I
	Euzelian; $\Phi M \Gamma$; Kentucky Club.		
DAISY JONES	Lynchburg, Va.	Main	2
	Eueopian.		
MARY JONES	Lynchburg, Va.	Main	2
	Eueopian.		
LUCY LEE JONES	Cary's Brook, Va.	Main	3
	Euzelian; Class '05.		
MAUD JOHNSON	Richmond, Va.	Main	3
	Capitol Club; Class '05.		
HELEN JOHNSON	Christianburg, Va.	Waldorf	2
MARY LOU KEARFOTT	Martinsville, Va.	Main	I
	Euzelian; Mohican.		
ALICE KELSEY	Cambridge, Miss.	Cottage	I
MAY KENDRICK	Monticello, Ky.	Waldorf	I
	Eueopian; $\Sigma \Sigma \Sigma$; Kentucky Club.		
LYDIA KIMBROUGH	Germantown, Tenn.	Waldorf	4
	Euzelian; President of Tennessee Club; Class '05.		
LOUISE KIRVEN	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Waldorf	I
	Tennessee Club.		
EDITH KYLE	Columbus, Ga.	Waldorf	2
	Georgia Club; Euzelian; ΦM .		
ANNA KUSIAN	Woodstock, Va.	Tinnyment	14
	Class '05; $\Sigma \Sigma \Sigma$.		
LOUISE LAMAR	Richland, Ga.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; ΦM ; Georgia Club; Class '05.		
ELEANOR LAMBERT	Hollins, Va.	Tinnyment	3
	Class '05.		
LENA LANE	Hollins, Va.	Home	2
VEVA LANE	Hollins, Va.	Home	I
ORA LANKFORD	Hollins, Va.	Home	
TALMAGE LANKFORD	Hollins, Va.	Home	
FANNIE LACEY	Hopkinsville, Ky.	Main	I
	Euzelian; Kentucky Club.		
TRUXIE LACKLAND	Grave Hill, Ala.	Main	I
	Alabama Club.		
RUTH LAVINDER	Lynchburg, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; $\Delta T B$; Light Feet.		
ELLA LEONARD	Atlantic Highland, N. J.	Tinnyment	5
	Eueopian.		
FRANCES LIGON	Anderson, S. C.	Tinnyment	2
	Euzelian; $\Phi M \Gamma$; South Carolina Club; Quarterly Staff; Vice-Pres. Junior Class.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
FLORENCE LOCKHART	Paris, Ky.	Tinnyment	5
	Euzelian; $\Gamma O II$; Kentucky Club; Piker.		
JENSY LOOP	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Main	3
	Eueopian; $K \Delta$; Tennessee Club; O. O. O.		
ELMA LOVE	Idabel, Okla.	Waldorf	I
LUCILLE LOYD	Lynchburg, Va.	Main	I
	Naughty-Naught; Crusader; Secretary and Treasurer Special Class; M. M.; T. A. R.		
LULA LUCK	Houston, Va.	Main	I
MARGUERITE MACK	Chicago, Ill.	Main	I
EUGENIA MANGUM	Uvalde, Tex.	Main	3
	Texas Club		
RENA MARCUS	Gordonsville, Va.	Waldorf	3
	Eueopian.		
ALICE MAXWELL	Anderson, S. C.	Tinnyment	3
	Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Class '05.		
MAY McLAUGHLIN	Hollins, Va.	Home	
EDITH McLAUGHLIN	Hollins, Va.	Home	
BURTON McLAUGHLIN	Hollins, Va.	Home	
MARGARET MCKEE	Richmond, Va.	Cottage	I
	Capitol Club.		
VIRGINIA MEANS	Birmingham, Ala.	Main	I
	Eueopian; $\Delta T B$; Alabama Club.		
ELISE MILES	University of Virginia	Main	2
	Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Crusader; M. M.		
LETA MOOMAW	Daleville, Va.	Home	5
HONORIA MOOMAW	Cloverdale, Va.		4
LOUISE MOORE	Mexico City, Mex.	Cottage	2
MYRTLE MORLEY	St. Louis, Mo.	Tinnyment	I
	Euzelian; $\Sigma \Sigma \Sigma$; Piker.		
MABEL MORRIS	Karnes City, Tex.	Tinnyment	2
	Eueopian; Texas Club; Class '05.		
NELLIE MORRIS	Charlottesville, Va.	Main	2
	Euzelian.		
MADGE NORMAN	Columbus, Ga.	Waldorf	I
	Euzelian; ΦM ; Georgia Club.		
MARY NOTTINGHAM	Franktown, Va.	Main	4
	Euzelian; Yemassee; Class '05; Quarterly Staff; Prophet '05; Sheba Club.		
LAURA NOTTINGHAM	Eastville, Va.	Tinnyment	I
	Eueopian.		
ANNA PARSONS	Lynchburg, Va.	Waldorf	4
	Eueopian; $\Gamma O II$.		
HALLIE PATTERSON	Chatham, Va.	Cottage	2
	Class '05.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LUCY PATTON	Blacksburg, Va	Maine	2
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; M. A. C.; Crusader; Joker.			
LILLIAN PERRY	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	2
Eueopian; T. G. Club.			
REBEKAH PHILLIPS	St. Louis, Mo.	Tinnyment	1
Euzelian; T O II; Mohican; Piker; Leggins.			
ETHEL PILCHER	Petersburg, Va.	Tinnyment	2
Euzelian; Chairman of the Student Body; Class '05; Captain of Yemassee Team; Treasurer Christian Association '04; Sheba Club.			
MAUD POINDEXTER	Frederick's Hall, Va.	Main	1
CARRIE POOL	Newberry, S. C.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian; South Carolina Club.			
ELIZABETH PORTER	Memphis, Tenn	Main	1
Euzelian; K Δ; Tennessee Club.			
ETHELYNN POTTS	Memphis, Tenn	Tinnyment	1
Euzelian; Class '05; Tennessee Club.			
LOUISE PRATT	New Orleans, La.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; M. A. C.			
GRACE PRICHARD	Mannington, W. Va.	Waldorf	2
Eueopian; Class '05; West Virginia Club.			
PAULINE PURCELL	Lexington, Ky	Waldorf	3
Eueopian; Γ O II; Kentucky Club; Vice-President Special Class.			
LUCY PURYEAR	Orange, Va	Tinnyment	2
Euzelian.			
SELENE RADFORD	Forest, Va	Waldorf	1
Euzelian.			
BESSIE RANDOLPH	Evington, Va.	Main	3
Euzelian; Class '05; Class Historian '05.			
CAROLINE REDDEN	Denton, Md	Main	3
Sheba Club.			
JULIA RICHARDSON	Austin, Texas	Waldorf	1
Eueopian; Texas Club.			
ARTIMESIA RIPEY	Lawrenceburg, Ky	Main	1
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club; Crusader; M. M.			
COURTNEY ROUNTREE	Richmond, Va.	Main	2
Euzelian; Capitol Club.			
NEWELL ROUNTREE	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
Capitol Club.			
OLLIE ROBERTS	Wise, Va	Main	1
Eueopian.			
ELSIE ROBINSON	Lima, Ohio	Waldorf	1
VERNA ROUTH	Lebanon, Va	Main	2
ROSE SATTERFIELD	Richmond, Va	Waldorf	2
Eueopian; Δ T B; President Capitol Club; SPINSTER Staff; President Class '06; T. A. R.; Light Feet; Cotillion Club; Mohican; Vice-President Athletic Association.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELSIE SAUNDERS	Evington, Va	Main.	3
Euzelian.			
ETHEL SAVORY	Trenton, N. J.	Main	1
Eueopian; Σ Σ Σ; Mohican.			
GERTRUDE SCHELLINGER	Cape May, N. J.	Tinnyment	1
MARGARET SCHMELZ	Hampton, Va	Main	2
Φ M Γ; T. G. Club; Crusader; M. M.			
CHARLIE MAE SCOTT	Fort Worth, Texas	Tinnyment	1
Eueopian; Texas Club.			
ANNIE SEAY	Blackstone, Va	Main	1
Euzelian.			
MAY SERPELLE	Louisville, Ky.	Tinnyment	1
Euzelian; Δ T B; Kentucky Club; T. A. R.; Piker; Joker.			
MARION SHIPP	St. Louis, Mo	Cottage	1
Eueopian.			
EVELINE SHIREY	Bluefield, W. Va.	Tinnyment	2
West Virginia Club.			
ANNA SHOTWELL	New Orleans, La	Cottage	1
Eueopian.			
KATHERINE SHUEY	Washington, D. C.	Main	1
Euzelian; Γ O II; Crusader.			
ANTOINETTE SLEMONS	Orlando, Fla	Waldorf	1
Historian Special Class.			
OLIVE SKEGGS	Decatur, Ala.	Waldorf	3
Eueopian; Alabama Club; K. K. K.; Final Vice-President Eueopian Society.			
EUGENIA SMITH	Prattville, Ala.	Main	1
Alabama Club; K. K. K.			
LOLA SMITH	Quanah, Tex.	Tinnyment	3
Eueopian; Texas Club; Business Manager of SPINSTER and Quarterly; Final Secretary Eueopian Society.			
EBELL SMITH	Stockton, Cal.	Waldorf	1
California Club.			
KATE STEINER	Montgomery, Ala.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Naughty-Naught Club; Light Feet; Cotillion Club.			
FRANCES STEINER	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	1
Eueopian; Texas Club.			
JOSEPHINE SUSONG	Savannah, Ga.	Waldorf	1
Georgia Club.			
EDNA STEARNS	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Waldorf	1
EVELYN TALBOTT	Elkins, W. Va.	Waldorf	4
Eueopian; Σ Σ Σ; West Virginia Club; Mohican.			
CABELL TAYLOR	Hollins, Va.	Home	2
ETHEL THOMAS	Estill Springs, Ky.	Tinnyment	3
Vice-President '07 Class; Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Piker; Kentucky Club; T. A. R.; Leggins.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
KATHLEEN THOMAS	Crockett Springs, Va.	Waldorf	2
ALICE THOMPSON	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
	Capitol Club.		
MARY LOUISE THOMPSON	Ft. Worth, Tex.	Waldorf	2
	Eueopian; K Δ; Texas Club; O. O. O.; Cotillion Club.		
ROSAMOND THOMSON	Andover, Miss.	Main	2
	Euzelian; Δ T B; Vice-President Cotillion Club; SPINSTER Staff; O. O. O.; Leader Blue Rooters		
MARGARET TROLLINGER	Radford, Va.	Main	2
	Eueopian.		
CARRIE UPTON	Norfolk, Va.	Main	1
ANNA VAN SAUN	Asbury Park, N. J.	Main	2
LULU VIRDEN	Montgomery, Ala.	Waldorf,	2
	Euzelian; Naughty-Naught, T. A. R.; Light Feet; Alabama Club.		
NELL VOSS	Little Rock, Ark.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; K Δ.		
MABEL VOSS	Little Rock, Ark.	Waldorf	1
	Eueopian; K Δ.		
MAMIE WALKER	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Capitol Club.		
LAURA WALKER	Bluefield, W. Va.	Cottage	1
	West Virginia Club.		
MARIETTA WALKUP	Clifton Forge, Va.	Tinnyment	3
FRANCES WALLACE	Paducah, Ky.	Main	2
	Euzelian; Γ O II; Kentucky Club; M. A. C.; Cotillion Club.		
EDITH WALTERS	Covington, Ky.	Waldorf	1
	Eueopian; T. G. Club; Kentucky Club; Leggins.		
ANNA WATKINS	Greenville, S. C.	Tinnyment	2
	Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Quarterly Staff; Class '05.		
MARY WATTS	Staunton, Va	Waldorf.	4
	↳ Eueopian; T. G. Club; President Class '08.		
LILY WEST	Richmond, Va.	Tinnyment	3
	Eueopian; Naughty-Naught; Capitol Club; President Cotillion Club; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.		
EUNICE WETMORE	Muncie, Ind.	Cottage	1
SADIE WHITE	Richmond, Va	Tinnyment	2
	Euzelian; Capitol Club.		
LYDIA WILHITE	Anderson, S. C	Waldorf.	3
	Euzelian; Φ M; Class '05; South Carolina Club.		
MARY WILBUR	Charleston, S. C	Main	1
	Euzelian; South Carolina Club.		
MABEL WILKINS	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Waldorf.	3
	Euzelian.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LILA WILLINGHAM	Macon, Ga	Waldorf.	4
	Euzelian; Naughty-Naught; Georgia Club; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '04-'05;		
	Secretary Class '05.		
VIRGINIA WILLINGHAM	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf.	1
	Euzelian; Φ M; Georgia Club; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '05-'06.		
HAZEL WILLIS	Vicksburg, Miss	Tinnyment.	1
ELSIE WILLS	Dallas, Texas.	Waldorf.	2
	Eueopian; Texas Club.		
MARY WILLIAMS	Lexington, Ky.	Waldorf.	4
	Eueopian; Γ O II; Kentucky Club.		
MACIE WILLIAMS	Arvonia, Va.	Main.	4
	Mohican; Sheba Club.		
MADELINE WICKS	Houston, Texas.	Main	1
	Texas Club; California Club.		
BESSIE WITTEN	Bluefield, W. Va.	Waldorf.	1
	West Virginia Club.		
BRENT WITT	Richmond, Va	Main	2
	Eueopian; Δ T B; Vice-President Capitol Club; Class '05; O. O. O.; M. M.; Quarterly Staff; Crusader.		
ELLEN WITT	Richmond, Va	Main	1
	Eueopian; Naughty-Naught; Secretary and Treasurer Capitol Club; Vice-President Class '08; M. M.; Crusader.		
EMILY WOODALL	Covington, Ky	Waldorf	2
	Eueopian; Naughty-Naught; T. A. R.; Kentucky Club; Captain of Mohican Team; President Class '07; Light Feet.		
CLAUDIA WOOD	Little Rock, Ark	Waldorf	1
	Eueopian.		
HARRIET WOODROOF	Mooresville, Ala	Main	3
	Eueopian; Φ K E; Secretary and Treasurer Alabama Club.		
LUCILE WOODRUFF	Columbus, Ga	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Φ M; Georgia Club.		
HATTIE WOODS	Flatonia, Tex	Main	3
	Texas Club.		
MILDRED WOOLFORD	Cambridge, Md.	Tinnyment	1
BENTLEY WYSOR	Clifton Forge, Va	Main	1
	Euzelian.		
EDNA WRIGHT	Summit, N. J	Main	2
	Euzelian; Δ T B; O. O. O.		
MARY WORTHAM	Austin, Tex	Waldorf	3
	Eueopian; K Δ; Texas Club; Yemassee; President Athletic Association; Class '05; O. O. O.; Cotillion Club.		
KATHARINE ZEITLER	Mooresville, Ala	Main	3
	Eueopian; Φ K E; Alabama Club.		





Here's a toast to Hollins, greatest of schools,
Her girls are the queens of the South.
When trouble and sorrow have darkened our lives,
And the day-time of youth is long past,
To thee, then, fair Hollins, our thoughts shall all turn,
And thy name shall be dear to the last.



Senior Class



ANITA A. COCKE Texas

A. B., President Class '05; President Y. W. C. A., '04-'05; Euzelian; Texas Club; Crusader.

"Why don't the men propose, girls,
Why don't the men propose?"



MARY J. CHANDLER Tennessee

Literary Degree; Vice-President Class '05; K Δ; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; Euzelian; Tennessee Club; T. A. R.; O. O. O.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."



LILA R. WILLINGHAM Georgia

A. B.; Secretary Class '05; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '04-'05; Euzelian; A P; Georgia Club.

"Superior wisdom is superior bliss."



BLANCHE C. BELL South Carolina

A. B.; Treasurer Class '05; Editor-in-chief the *Quarterly*; Final Euzelian President; South Carolina Club; S. S. S.

"What I say I stick by."



LAURA BARKSDALE South Carolina

A. B.; Euzelian; South Carolina Club.

"Her silence is more musical than any sound."



MABEL BOWER Virginia

A. B.; Euzelian.

"Daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."



GUSSIE BOWLES Virginia
Eclectic Degree; Euzelian; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.,
'04-'05.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."



EMILY CAMPBELL Virginia
Eclectic Degree; Euzelian.

"Melancholy marked her for her own."



ROY DENMAN Texas
A. B.; Eupian; Texas Club.

"None but herself can be her parallel."



BEBE DENMAN Texas
Eclectic Degree; Eupian; Mohican; Texas Club.

"Oh, for a forty-parson power."



WILCIE DICKERSON Alabama
Eclectic Degree; Euzelian; Alabama Club; K. K. K.

"A dearth of words a woman need not fear."



LOUISE GEDGE Illinois
Eclectic Degree; Poet Class '05; Euzelian; Φ M Γ;
Associate Editor of SPINSTER; Cotillion Club.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains, which only poets know."



SINA LEE HARRIS Kentucky
Literary Degree; Euzelian; Kentucky Club; Φ M Γ;
Crusader.

"Still amorous, fond and cooing,
Sina and Hallie are wooing."



MAUDE JOHNSON Virginia
Eclectic Degree; Capitol Club; Leader Yemassee Root-
ers.

"Come out on the campus," says Maude, and "loudly we will root,
We'll help the Reds to win the game as on our horns we toot."



LUCY LEE JONES Virginia

Literary Degree; Euzelian.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."



LYDIA KIMBROUGH Tennessee

A. B.; Euzelian; Tennessee Club; President Euzelian
Open Meeting.

"I've done my duty,
My conscience is clear."



EDITH KYLE Georgia

Eclectic Degree; Euzelian; Φ M; Georgia Club.

"I know"—is all that Edith saith!



ANNA KUSIAN Virginia

Eclectic Degree; Euepian; Σ Σ Σ; E. S. C.

"At best a contradiction still."



LOUISE LAMAR Georgia

Eclectic Degree; Euzelian; Φ M; Georgia Club.

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."



ELEANOR LAMBERT Virginia

A. B.

"Red as a rose is she."



ALICE MAXWELL South Carolina

Literary Degree; Euzelian; South Carolina Club.

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."



MABEL MORRIS Texas

Literary Degree; Euepian; Texas Club.

"Just enough of learning to misquote."



MARY NOTTINGHAM Virginia

A. B.; Euzelian; Prophet Class '05; Associate Editor
Quarterly; Yemassee; Sheba Club.

" You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curs'd hard reading."



GRACE PRICHARD West Virginia

Eclectic Degree; Euepian; West Virginia Club.

" Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As if you were going to a feast."



ETHELYN POTTS Tennessee

Eclectic Degree; Euzelian; Tennessee Club.

" The woman that dreams is lost."



ETHEL PILCHER Virginia

Eclectic Degree; Treasurer Euzelian; Chairman of
Students; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '04-'05; Captain
Yemassee; Sheba.

" It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."



HALLIE PATTERSON Virginia

Literary Degree.

" She sighed and looked unutterable things"—at Sina Lee.



BESSIE RANDOLPH Virginia

Literary Degree; Euzelian; Historian Class '05.

" Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"



OLIVE SKEGGS Alabama

A. B.; Euepian; Alabama Club; K. K. K.

" I'll rant as well as thou."



BRENT WITT Texas

Eclectic Degree; Euepian; Capitol Club; Δ T B;
Associate Editor *Quarterly*; O. O. O.

Of all the arts in which Brent does excel,
Writing's the one which she thinks she does well.



ANNA WATKINS South Carolina
Literary Degree; Secretary Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Associate Editor *Quarterly*.

"In the spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of" —Nancy.



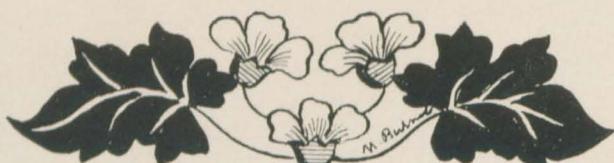
LYDIA WILHITE South Carolina
Classical Degree; Vice-President Euzelian Open Meeting; South Carolina Club; Φ M.

"Such joy ambition finds."



MARY WORTHAM Texas
Literary Degree; President Eueopian Lee Evening; K Δ; Texas Club; President Athletic Association; Yemassee; O. O. O.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."



Senior Class Poem

Farewell, dear Hollins, and ye hills—
Farewell! Farewell! Forever!
With joy we toss aside our books;
But we'll forget thee, never!

In thy paths which we, these years, have trod—
Though not always decked with flowers,
At points, where they were needed most,
We've found some shaded bowers.

Though thorns, sometimes, our feet have pricked—
Though our ways were beset with ills,
Thy motto, Hollins, we obeyed:
We raised our eyes to thy hills.

They, in stately, solemn grandeur,
Taught us, though a word they spoke not—
What, unlike lessons in school books—
Will ne'er be, by us, forgot.

Forgive us that we are joyful,
You realize why it is so;
'Tis joy for work we've accomplished,
And not that from you we go.

The guides you gave to direct us,
So faithful, so true and so tried,
When by work we were o'erburdened—
Kept us from turning aside.

You must know, dear Alma Mater,
That down deep in each Senior's heart,
A sigh and a tear doth linger,
That now all of us must part.

To them we will e'er be grateful,
That we can so truthfully say,
They've done what was merely duty,
In more than in duty's way.

Scattered must be all thy children,
Each one must go where fate doth send.
There is some work for every one,
Each has her own life to spend.

Yet each will ever remember,
E'en when with age she doth totter,
These years she has stayed, worked and played,
'Neath thy roof, dear Alma Mater.

So, farewell, dear Hollins, and ye hills!
Farewell! Farewell! Forever!
With joy we toss aside our books;
But we'll forget thee never.

—C. L. Gedge.

“Ye True Hystarie of Our Seniore Clasfe.”

It if w^elle underftood^e when we fee fo manie of our^e fair^e maydes about to leaue their^e happie days of fc^hool, that we shoulde look^e backwards albeit onlie a lyttel upon ye caufes of our^e greate fucceff in all thyngs b^othe large and fmalle. It feemeth good^e to uf that we do thif not onlie for oure owne benefit^e, but becaufe it feeme^h to uf our^e moft frictē and b^oundē dutie that we advise af m^uch^e af lieth in oure powe^re certaine giddie Juniors. These dev^otees of Follie, an u^{ij}uft Fate hath givene uf af the needy fubjectes of that goo^de counfefe which we by reafone of oure wifdom^e and g^reate glorie are moft hig^blie fitted to beftowe. Therefore we woule^e befpeake for our^e felvess youre kynde heede, ye who woule worhilie foll^owe oure amazy^hge, g^reate fucceff.

To oure certaine knowledge there hath not beene, nor ever will be, ye like of ye claffe that hath thif yeare purfued ye roya^e road^e to learnynge. Oure n^umber giveth uf diftincti^on and mayha^p no fmalle pr^yde. In Septem^{ber} fo fwiftlie had oure number growne and large that it feemed moft fittyng to us, therefore, to make largere oure Affemblyng Halle.

And here becometh plaine oure ftrykyng originallitie even^e from ye verie firſte of oure careere. It waf onlie upon ye occaſion of oure firſte meetyng that one of our^e moft worthie Seniores had her knowledge of ye worlde feverely tesfed by a Prattlyng Junior, who thuf addrefſed her:

“And praye, Madame, why if it that ye Seniores be fo puffed up with pr^yde? It feemeth a ftrange and moft uncomelie thyng to me!”

“Wherfore?” quothe ye Senior with a haughtie aire, “if it not be-cause we are to winn^e oure she^epefkinnes and graduate in thiſ verie yeare?”

“Verilie, and what may a fheepeskin^e be?” replied ye innocent^e mayde. “I myſelfe take two junior^e claffes, but mayhaye I fhall^e gain my fheepeskinnes next yeare.”

“Tru^e,” quothe ye Senior, “and verilie 'twill be moft easie that thou shouldſt in on^e yeare gain^e fix fhe^epefkinnes and mayhaye a distinction or two.”

But ye knowyng Junior wente her waye, albeit puffed with pr^yde.

Thif claffe hath gained ye Pryileges fo longe foughte by ye claffes of formere yeaſes. So greate if ye confidence in uf that we may evene studie when alle ye othere fc^holar^s fleep fouⁿdlie in their lyttel beddes, or conne bookeſ by lyghte of ye fmalle wax^e candles. When ringeth ye belle of ten of ye clock^e, downe creepe ye tru^tie Seniores to ye quiete, lyttel nookes of studie. Thif and other^e pleafyng privilege^s are graanted uf by reafone of oure moft originale merites, and it if onlie by frictē and moft upryg^hte conduct^e that oure fucceſſors may retaine ye hygh^e poſitione to which we have attai ned.

Ye afo^refaid originalitie waf showne on ye birthdaye of our p^atriote, Georg^e Wafhingt^on, when we with ye Junior^s cel^brated thif merrie feafe. Ye dames with their flowerede filkes and powdered lock^es footed ye daintie minuette, while ye fwo^rdes of ryg^hte gallante gentlemen clanked moft boldie in their fcabbardes. Verilie there nevere hath been^e fuch bly^he hoſpitalitie of one claffe to anothere fince ye oldene dayes

In oure claffe hath been found fuch dramatick talent that we myghte even^e wry^e a playe, which we performed fo clev^erlie that no claffe beſore or fince myghte claime fuche greate distinction.

And now ye cleare-minded reader may percei ve the underlying caufes of our^e claffe's glori^e.

If fo be that ye knowyng Junior^s, ye giddye Sophomores and ever^e g^reene Freshies would reach^e oure greate height^e of learnynge and distinction^e, ye muſte followe oure example. Then wil^e ye be merrie and care-free, moft learned^e in bookeſ, and beſt of alle foughte after by ye Facultie. In footh^e we muſt advise that ye walke circumſpectlie alonge ye galleries, and never^e crowde at ye dining-room doo^res.

I^t would^e be harde for oure moft far-feeyng prophete to telle what maye be the fu^rure of thiſ fo greate claffe. We trufte that our^e induſtrie, oure witt^e, and moft weete congnialitie may be with uf alw_{ys}, and fo wiþe affection and regrette, and moft brighte hopes we give you oure farewel le.

Beffie Carter Randolph^e.



Junior Class

Flower
Black-Eyed Susan

Colors
Black and Gold

Motto
Qui lente it, longum

Officers

President	ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD
Vice-President	FRANCES LIGON
Secretary and Treasurer	LALLIE LEE CARPENTER
Historian	FLOSSIE DENMAN

Roll Call

MARY ANDERSON	ANNA CAMPBELL	MARY STUART COCKE
LALLIE LEE CARPENTER		FLOSSIE DENMAN
FRANCES LIGON	LUCY PURYEAR	MARGARET BAGLEY
ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD	MARY BURWELL (Special Art)	
BELLE CAVE	MAY COLLINS	ELEANOR DAILEY
PEARL GROSJEAN		MARIE GEDGE
JOSEPHINE HADEN	AYLETTE HENRY	ELLA LEONARD
VIVIAN HOHMANN (special music)		ELISE MILES
COURTNEY ROUNTREE	KATE STEINER	EVELYN TALBOT
BESSIE PORTER (special art)		NELL VOSS
MARIETTA WALKUP	MARY WILLIAMS	HARRIET WOODROOF
LILY WEST		LULA VIRDEN



JUNIOR CLASS

Annals of the Junior Class

In the most prosperous days of the reign of Satterfield the Great there came unto me the wise men of the kingdom, who spake, saying:

"O scribe, write for the *Great Book of Records* a faithful account of the deeds and sayings of the mighty body of Juniors of the most renowned Kingdom of Hollins."

And for many days I pondered deeply, and then I took up my stylus and prepared to write, but my heart was heavy within me, for the glory of the Juniors was mighty and my tongue halted when I would strive to recount the records of their surpassing knowledge and power.

Nevertheless, these following annals I inscribed that those who are of this kingdom may remember, and those who come after may read, the history of the Junior Class.

Now in the last days of the ninth month of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and four the subjects of Satterfield the Great assembled with such dignity and gravity as befitted so reverend a body. And on the right hand of the Royal Seat there sat the most high Vice-Ruler, and on the left the Keeper of the Monies and Guarder of the Book of Laws.

And at this meeting a multitude of new subjects swore fealty to the right gracious ruler; and the Keeper of Monies caused to be bestowed upon them emblems, that they might be known from the tribes of Sophomores and Freshmen.

And after this the hearts of the Class were filled with pride and rejoicing, for they knew that their Class was destined to be the first in which there should be none of less rank than that of Bachelor of Arts. And though they perceived that their numbers would be sore diminished ere the final goal could be attained, they even labored much and faltered not on the steep pathway. And the other tribes and the Most High Powers of the kingdom saw and marveled greatly at their discretion and attainments, and whispered among themselves, saying:

"Surely never before were there such as these!" And the Class grew and prospered until it waxed most strong.

Now in the second month of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and five, the Ruler of the Senior Class addressed her subjects, saying unto them:

"Lo! let us set before the Juniors a mighty feast, because of their high rank." So a most royal entertainment was prepared and the two classes met together and spent the time in feasting and merriment. And in due time the Juniors did, in their turn, right courteously entertain the Seniors at a most novel merry-making, where there were bestowed rich gifts and where there was much laughter and music.

But now, in the midst of the merry-making, the Most High Powers of the realm imposed on the Class mighty labors, and the people cried out in sorrow and wrath, but it was of no avail. And many crammed not, so that in the Great Trial of Wits they were found wanting and so condemned. But the Chosen Few shall pass into the high and mighty seats of the Seniors, and there shall they shine most marvelously until that there shall be bestowed upon them the right honorable reward of the B. A., and the name of the Class shall resound through the land, and the people thereof shall cry aloud its praises.

Now at the close of the Junior year the Class did write out their laws and maxims, that those who come after may be taught by them and led into places of High Honor. And these are they:

I. Be ye not over-independent, but see that ye have a teacher for a Darling, for such as these are beloved of all the Faculty.

II. Remember ye alway that Uncle Billy loveth a lengthy spieler, and an argument with him is more to be avoided than stepping on Togo's tail.

III. Also we say unto ye, "Remember ye your ways and take up your books and cram, for the day of Finals approacheth."

IV. Go ye not overmuch to feasts and the store, that your good name may live long in the mouths of the teachers.

V. Bluff ye, O ye shirkers, most assiduously, that your average may approach even unto the Golden.

VI. Be ye more politic than the Seniors, and give ye not a play that would seem to ridicule the Faculty, for remember ye the Foolish Children and the Bears.

VII. Avoid ye the Senior Privileges, for truly we say unto ye, they are pitfalls for the unwary.

F. F. D., *Historian*.



Sophomore Class

Officers

<i>President</i>	EMILY WOODALL
<i>Vice-President</i>	ETHEL THOMAS
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	LORA CRUMP
<i>Historian</i>	CATHERINE JONES

Class Roll

ARMITAGE, LAURA	JOHNSTON, HELEN	WOOD, CLAUDIA
ABERCROMBIE, ISABEL	JONES, DAISIE	WOODALL, EMILY
BARKSDALE, HELEN	JONES, MARY	DUB, MADELINE
BARKSDALE, MARY	MORRIS, NELLIE	SHUEY, KATHERINE
BLOUNT, KATHLEEN	PATTON, LUCY	McKEE, MARGARET
BRIGGS, GRACE	RADFORD, SELENE	WHITE, SADIE
CALDWELL, MABEL	ROBINSON, ELSIE	DIXON, LOUISE
CHAPMAN, NANCY	ROUTH, Verna	VOSS, MABEL
CORRELL, ETHEL	SEAY, ANNIE	CHISHOLM, VIDA
CRUMP, LORA	STEINER, FRANCES	MORLEY, MYRTLE
FRANCIS, MILDRED LEE	THOMAS, ETHEL	KEARFOTT, MARY LOU
GRAHAM, LOUISE	TROLLINGER, MARGARET	JONES, CATHERINE
HALL, LOUISE	WALLACE, FRANCES	DAUGHERTY, JULIET
HOVER, HAZEL	WITTEN, BESSIE	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

SOPHOMORE! The name sounds well, in spite of the jokes and other unpleasant things that have been heaped upon us. Has not the "college Sophomore" almost passed into a proverb—one typical of audacity and self-assurance? And very unjustly, say we, the Sophomore Class of nineteen hundred and five at Hollins Institute. Surely we are as well-behaved a set of young ladies as one could wish to see. We do not give ourselves many airs, and if we do not exactly envy the Freshmen, neither do we laugh at their verdant freshness. On the whole we rather pity them—they are so innocent.

Our story is easily told. When last fall we returned to these halls of learning it was as "old girls" and "Sophs." That fact in itself was enough to prevent homesickness. Early in the session a sign on the bulletin-board summoned us to the gymnasium for the purpose of organizing the Sophomore Class. Several meetings were necessary to get the machinery in order and to elect officers, which was very wisely done. Then arose the momentous question: Should we purchase rings or pins? Having satisfactorily settled these things, all was well.

We saw hard work before us, but not one whit daunted we began to strive in earnest to do credit to our Class. Our hopes are set upon giving our sister classes something better to think about with regard to the "Sophs" than their pride and their arrogance, but rather to show them, and the whole world, that we mean business, and that we are one year advanced in deed as well as name.

CATHERINE PAGE JONES.



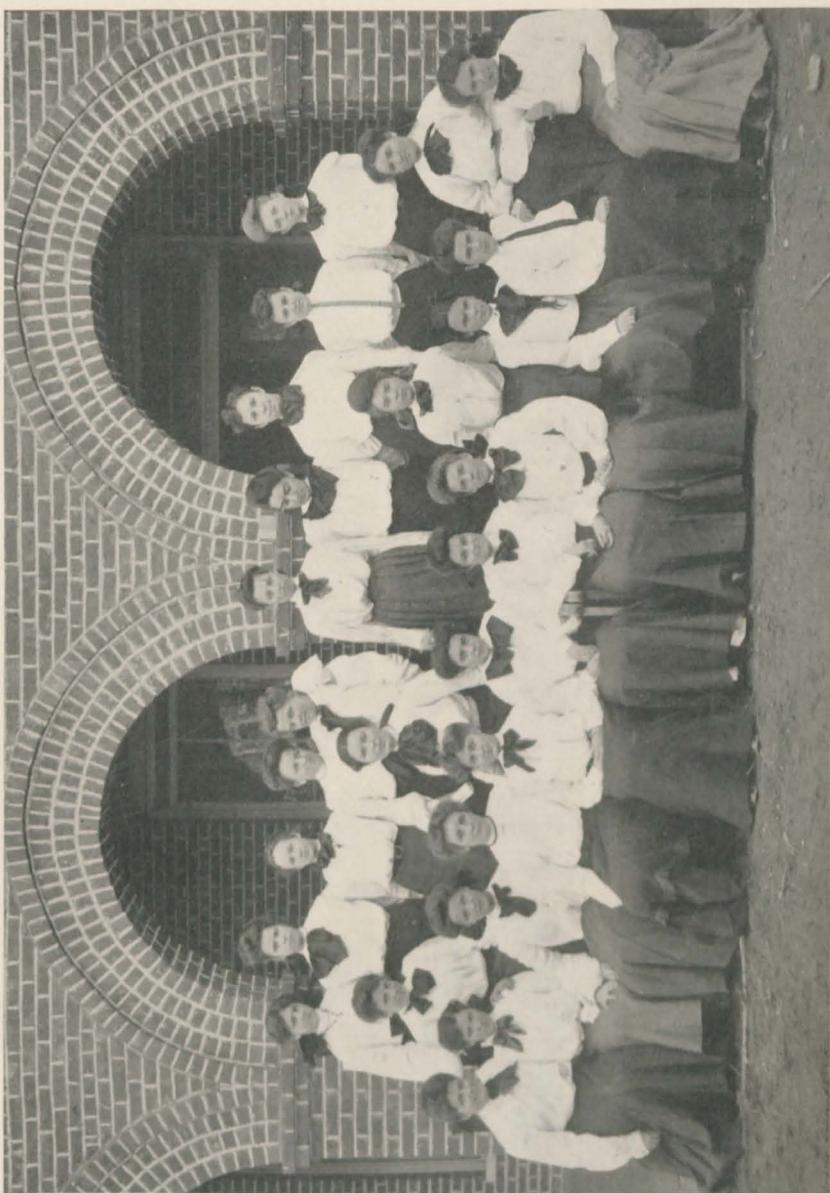
Freshman Class

Officers

MARY WATTS	<i>President</i>
ELLEN WITT	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDITH WALTERS	<i>Secretary</i>
LILLIAN PERRY	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class Roll

MIRIAM BRIGGS	ANNE BURGEN	SOPHIE BURGEN
eva BAKER	MABEL COGBILL	ELLEN CATOGNI
JULIETTE DAUGHERTY	GENA FERST	EMMA FOWLKES
ROSE HAYWARD	SULLY HAYWARD	LULA LUCK
FLORENCE LOCKHART	TRUXEY LACKLAND	NEWELL ROUNTREE
CHARLIE MAY SCOTT	EVELINE SHIREY	EUGENIA SMITH
JOSEPHINE SUSONG	Alice THOMSON	Louise HIGGENBOTHAM
ALICE KELSEY	REBEKAH PHILIPS	ANNA SHOTWELL
BENTLEY WYSOR	LAURA WALKER	ELMA LOVE



FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Freshman Class

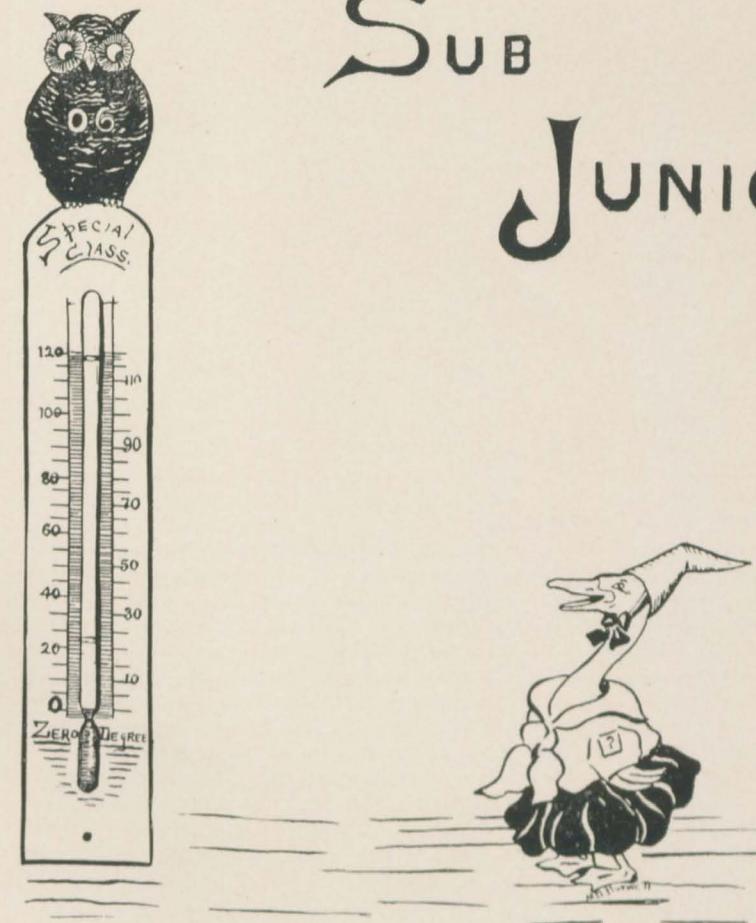
AFTER seeing various signs go up for call meetings of the awe-inspiring Seniors, reserved Juniors, and superior Sophs, we poor souls, who could not be identified with any of these, organized a Class. In due order officers were elected, and pins gotten with the dim figures '08 on them, and even the revered Seniors do not feel so important as we green Freshmen. In fact, we made a great stride forward in college spirit by planning a most elaborate entertainment for the Sophs. But alas! our college spirit, and every other kind of spirit, was soon spirited away by the laughs of the school.

Now, in our Freshman year, '08 seems mighty far into the dim, distant future, but at this earthly Paradise (?) we doubt not that the day will come only too soon when we shall be dignified Seniors, and shall have *our* chance to show the Faculty "how others see them."

ELLEN WITT.



Sub
JUNIOR



Sub-Junior Class

Officers

MINNIE BELLE GRANT	<i>President</i>
PAULINE PURCELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILLE ASTON LOYD	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ANTOINETTE SLEMMONS	<i>Historian</i>

Class Roll

ELIZABETH BIBB	PAULINE PURCELL	NINA RICHARDSON
LOUISE CLARK	BLANCH HILLS	JULIA RICHARDSON
ANNIS CLARK	PEARL HUDSON	ETHEL SAVORY
EMMA CARSON	LUCILLE LOYD	ANTOINETTE SLEMMONS
MINERVA EMBRY	JEAN MANGUM	MAMIE WALKER
MINNIE BELLE GRANT	MARGARET MACK	MABEL WILKINS
LOUISE MOORE		KATHARINE ZEITLER

Hollins at present is in a course-raising crisis, and we—used-to-be—would-be—then would-not-be, and at last now and forever more Sub-Juniors—were the first to suffer. Last September it was the popular thing to join the Junior Class; so we, with the multitude aspiring to Seniorhood, attached ourselves to that all-embracing octopus. For by twisting and doubling in science and math., we at length could gain one of Hollins' much-coveted Minor degrees, but alas! Minor degrees will no longer exist. Only those Juniors who could with ease take A. B. degrees thought best to stay in that wee small class.

We, seeing 1906 Seniorhood vanishing slowly in the distance, the longed-for Minor degrees dissolving before our very eyes, resolved to withdraw from the class with dignity. Thanks to Dame Fortune we were in the Junior Class when entertained by the Seniors. Soon after this we withdrew and our class was immediately formed, the officers elected, and everything settled. In fact, not unlike Minerva, we sprang from the Junior Class, landing on our feet, and now, as Sub-Juniors, we take our stand and line up in the ranks to answer at the roll-call of the classes.

A. S.



SUB-JUNIOR CLASS

"Advice to the Young in Palatable Pills."

I

Sally Maloney lost her "pony"
Sad that he was a roamer!
Leave him alone and you'll go home,
Without your Latin Diploma.

II

If you'd have a score of darlings,
Scattered all along your way,
And you'd be supplied with "Huylers,"
Be a "hero" in the play.

III

If you'd always capture votes,
And hold a place of state
Present your friends, one pound around,
Of Peter's chocolate.

IV

If you'd be a teacher's darling,
Never skip and never rush,
Always go out walking daily,
Always eat the "Hollins mush."

V

If to laugh you are not able,
Do not sit at Mrs. Duke's table,
If the jokes you do not see,
Laugh so much the more loudly

VI

When your parents get your report,
And 'tis not printed in letters of gilt,
Bear it bravely; smile a little
Do not cry over milk that's spilt.

VII

If in school you'd be a leader,
And be rushed by all the "frats;"
Lend your neighbors all your wardrobe,
Scruple not to lend them hats.

VIII

If you'd be appreciated—
Have your efforts not deemed chaff—
Hide your wits from your companions,
Be not on the Spinster staff!



As Others See Us

Scene: Hollins campus. Chapel, back stage. Entrance to Main Building on right; "Tinnyment" on left. Huge barrel R. labelled "Receptacle for Tears."

Enter Miss Parkinson, ringing a bell violently. She is gowned in dark blue, and wears a heavy gray shawl; carries a basket on her left arm.

Miss P. (anxiously). Dear me! It is almost time for the 'bus to arrive, and I wish the girls to go to their rooms so the campus may present a tidier appearance. If this were "store" day, I should be immediately surrounded by a clamoring, unladylike crowd and"

Enter a Yemassee rooter, yelling "Chick-a-lack-a," etc. Hair all down on shoulders, and a general dishevelled appearance. She runs against Miss P. stops violently and begins to arrange her hair.

Miss P. "My child! Why, Sallie, I've never seen you in such a condition. What can you mean? Why-er-this is unprecedent in the history of Hollins! Are your parents perfect HEATHEN to permit such conduct?"

Sally (crestfallen, meekly). "Yes'm—no'm. I've been ROOTING for basket-ball."

Miss P. "Rooting! Horrible word! So suggestive of PIGS! In my time, young ladies were taught to modulate their voices. Ah, here comes some little 'gyirls' whose example you will do well to profit by."



Enter four little girls, dressed like children of six, hair parted severely in middle, and braided in two tight plaits. White aprons. They carry handkerchiefs neatly folded in triangular shape. While they sing, Miss P. stands by and nods approvingly.

Chorus of "Darlings of Miss P."

Air: "Coming thro' the Rye."*

Never broke a regulation;
Never told a lie;
Never want to have vacation—
When I don't know why.
Always love to go to sections,
Love to go to bed,
Never nibble sweet confections
When I am not fed.

II.

Never want to run or whistle,
For 'tis not polite;
Never make a wretched fizzle—
When I don't recite!
When I meet a Roanoke student
Never stop to talk,
Never take a step imprudent
When I do not walk!

III.

Never think or dream of lovers,
Never mount a chair
When a playful cat uncovers
Mousie's hidden lair.
Never cough when boys are looking
Never say "Ah, there!"
In our rooms we do no cooking,
Never rat our hair!

IV.

Never walk abroad in trios
Never stare and gaze
In big hats you never see us
When at matinees.
Never whisper during sermons,
Always know the text,
Don't say Dutch when we mean German,
Continued in our next!

*From "College Songs."

Air: "I want my William."

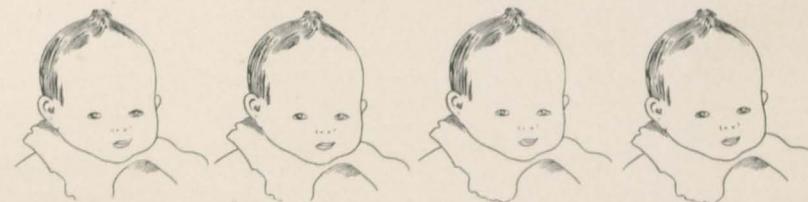
"FOR POLICY'S SAKE."

I.

We keep our rooms so nice and neat,
We're always ladylike and "sweet,"
We take the teachers chocolate and cake,
And this we do—for policy's sake!

II.

We seldom ever send to the store,
We consider skipping an awful bore,
Of midnight feasts we never partake,
And this we do—for policy's sake!



Sally, who has stood by looking at them contemptuously, steps forward and continues the song.

Sally.

III.

I send to the store morning, night and noon,
I consider skipping a precious boon;
I never study, I think it a fake,
And this I do—for a good time's sake!

Miss P. elevates hands and eyebrows, and trips out. Chorus of her "Darlings" respond, pointing accusing fingers at Sallie.

Air: "In the Good Old Summer Time."

For a good old time's sake,
For a good old time's sake
She draws on her papa, she writes for more,
Gets all that he can make!
She cooks all day, she skips by night,
And that's a very good sign,
The Faculty will call her down,
For the sake of her "good old time."



Sally (in disgust). "You messy little prisses! You make me tired. (Goes back stage, and looks L.) "Good heavens! Here comes a new girl! Get on to that garb, if you please!"

Flourish of drums, rattle of wheels, stamping of horses' feet. Enter the new girl, Betty Uptodate, with hair arranged in exaggerated Ethel Barrymore style. Huge "burnt orange" bows, and other details of costume elaborately exaggerated so as to be "ultra-smart." She comes in with long strides, and planks down suit-case, golf-sticks, billiard cues and tennis racket, chews gum violently and coolly surveys stage.

Betty Uptodate to First Darling, (rapidly). "This Hollins? Great goodness, thought I never would get here, missed connection. I'm frum Texas; where you frum? (First Darling draws back in alarm.) Great howling balls of beeswax! You rival 'non-shrinkable flannels' for drawing away. (Slaps the First Darling on the back.) Cheer up, sport, you may go to heaven when you die, you have no fun here, and you deserve a little. Say, ever play golf, tennis, cards, or billiards, here? I've come well equipped!"

First Darling. "No, we play 'Tiddle-de-winks.'"

Betty. "Oh, no! How can you stand it? Seems to me that the doctor would forbid such strenuous games. Do you play "Parcheesi" or 'Jackstraws?'"

First Darling. "No; they're too exciting and wearing on the nerves." Darlings stand with hands folded, and eyes cast down. Betty opens her Peggy bag, and takes from it a piece of chalk. She marks a chalk line on the floor, and surveys it with satisfaction and amusement.

Betty (sarcastically). "There you precious little prunes, prisms and potatoes, walk the chalk-line off. You've evidently been used to walking a chalk-line all your lives."

(Darlings exit meekly, carefully following the line. Betty turns to the Yem-assee rooter.)

Betty. "Ain't they just too sweet?"

Y. R. "They've always been troubled with a desire to conciliate the Faculty!"

Betty and Yem. Rooter sing.

Air: "Piccolo Solo."

When to Hollins you roam, and you're far away
from home,
And you need a piece of good advice;

Shun all things that are bad (though they're apt
to make you glad),
However much they may entice!

For,

Save up your money for the Christian 'Sociation,
Study all the year for your final 'xamination,
Read philosophy in your hours of recreation,

(Spoken abruptly)

"THAT'S the way to conciliate the Faculty!"

Betty. "Come on. Let's raise up some excitement here."

Yem. R. "No, thanks. I've had my share. Besides (very haughtily) I have to go to my fraternity meeting."

Betty (much impressed). "What frat.?"

Yem. R. "I mean my-er-STATE CLUB!"

Betty (amused). "Many from your State? By the way, where are you from, anyway?"

Yem. R. "Well—er— Montana. And—I—guess—I'm—the only girl from there!"

Exit Yem. R. as a group of nine "Fraternity Girls" enter. White sweaters, white hats, short black skirts. Their fraternity pins are of exaggerated size, made of pasteboard, with Greek letters "I. B. H." conspicuous. They stand at R. and hold an aside conversation, regarding Betty (L. stage). Betty kneels down and takes a pencil and a huge postal card from suit-case.

Betty. "Gracious me! Tom has not written me yet and I've been here fully an HOUR! I'll just drop him a postal!" (Writes busily.)

First Frat. Girl (aside to others). "Gee! She's swell. Let's rush her!"

Second Frat. Girl. "Let's do. Wonder if she gets much spending money. She can help pay for our annual banquet. We'll make her entertain."

Third Frat. Girl. "Don't be too sure she'll not turn us down."

Fourth Frat. Girl. "Let's write her a note."

First Frat. Girl. "Let's don't (emphatically). Notes get found. Besides, we don't even know her name, and (impressively) she may not be from a GOOD FAMILY!"



Second Frat. Girl. "That's so. (*They draw near to Betty.*) What's your name? What's your name, I say? (*Betty does not look up.*) What is your name?" (*Betty rolls postal card into the semblance of an ear trumpet and holds it to her ear.*)

Betty. "Pardon me, but I do not hear well. You do not make yourself at all audible."

First Frat. Girl. "She is very impertinent. (*Loudly.*) "I asked what your name is."

Betty. "The true Virginian IMPERTINENCE is all on your side. But since you seem anxious, I'll tell you my name. It is very simple. Betty Smith Uptodate—may change later—er—Tom, you know! Suppose you tell your name? I had always considered it a breach of propriety, heretofore, to ask one's name, but it seems to be a 'Hollins' custom.'"

First Frat. G. (very pompously). "Cecilia De Von Tromp."

Betty (surprised). "My! Very elegant and aristocratic, historical—novelish name! Would you mind repeating it? I'd like to store it away for future reference in case I should ever wish to impress my good friends with my aristocratic boarding-school chums! (*Takes out note-book.*) Repeat, please."

First Frat. Girl (very, very pompously). "Cecilia Alexandria Made-lyonia Francesca de Rimini de Von Tromp."

Betty. "Thanks, awfully." (*She writes busily.*)

First Frat. Girl (aside). "Let's rush her, gyirls. I'll start A-hem! Betty, who are you going to walk with after dinner, walk with me?"

Second Frat. Girl. "Give me a chapel night."

Third Frat. Girl. "Gim'me, let's see, gim'me (*slowly*) the fifth Sunday night in every other month. That may be taken for all I know! I do have such a time with my dates. (*Conceitedly, and most blasé manner.*) I have DATES with some girls that I don't give a FIG for!"

Betty (smiles). "Why, you overwhelm me, but I'd be delighted. (*Fingers First Frat. Girl's pin.*) What frat., may I ask?"

All of Frat. Girls (very proudly). "Iota Beta Pi."

Betty. "Er—is—it—any one of those marked-down-initiation-fee frats.?"

Frat. Girls (indignantly). "What do you mean?"

Betty. "I mean, can I join your select circle with alarm clocks, snakes, incense, skulls-and-cross-bones, coffins and all the other paraphernalia of frats., all thrown in for \$3.98 7-10?"

Frat. Girls. "Of course not!"
Betty looks at them in feigned surprise.

Betty. "Well, don't be angry, I was only teasing." (*Picks up suitcase, and goes to door at L., turns and sings. Frat. Girls turn their backs.*)

Betty.

Air: "Coon, Coon, Coon."

Frat, Frat, Frat,
I wish your price would change,
Frat, Frat, Frat,
You're quite beyond my range!
Frat, Frat, Frat,
My hopes go up in smoke,
I'd like to be your sister.
But I'm broke, broke, broke!

(*Betty exits, laughing.*)

First Frat. Girl. "Isn't she the most impudent thing? She needs to be taken down a peg or two. What shall we do? Oh, I know. Suppose that we pretend that we are going to have a feast in the library, and invite her to come. We can tell her it will be at eleven o'clock to-night and she will go prancing down and get caught."

Second Frat. Girl. "That's perfectly fine! She'll run up against the whole Faculty because there is going to be a Faculty meeting to-night!"

First Frat. Girl takes a note-book and writes.

"Dear Betty.—We invite you to a feast to be held in the library at eleven P. M. Just a small courtesy to a few new girls. Wear bed room slippers, but do not wear curl papers as they rattle when you slip under a table. Don't speak even in a whisper, and, above all, DON'T CHEW TOO LOUDLY! The Faculty will be sound asleep, but please exercise the proper caution." (*Folds note.*)

"There that will pay her back, the horrid old thing!"

Second Frat. Girl. "Yes, and we may get caught up with, and get a few more demerits. I've striven valiantly for a GOLDEN report, but I've evidently got too much BRASS in my composition, because I always get demerits for impertinence!"

Fraternity Girls sing.

Air: "Absence makes the Heart grow Fonder."

Absence makes reports grow lower,
That's a fact we do deplore,
And when your marks are sent home,
You'll be a-hankering after more!
Distance does not lend enchantment,
Though the space be e'er so long,
Skipping makes reports grow lower,
That's the burden of our song.

Enter "Darling," a girl of many loves. She is dressed simply. Hair parted and tied with enormous blue bows.

First Frat. Girl. "Let's send the note by this kidlet. (To Darling) Say, we want you to take this note to a girl here named Betty Uptodate."

Darling clasps her hands and lisps ecstatically.

Darling. "Oh, yeth! I'm trazy about her! The'th tho thweet!"

Second Frat. Girl nudges First (aside). "Invite her, too."

First Frat. Girl. "What fun! Say, kidlet, ever been to a feast?"

(*Darling's eyes grow large, and she shakes her head slowly.*)

First Frat. Girl. "No! Well, you've missed half your life and also a good many pangs of indigestion. There is going to be a feast in the library to-night at eleven—be sure to come. We have invited Betty in this note."

Darling. "Come! Of courth, I'll come! Oh, blith and rapture! I have attained the higheth pinnacle of happenineth!" (Runs off.)

Frat. Girls.

Air: "I'll be There."

She'll be there,
And her life thenceforth will be full of care,
When the hour-hand points to 'leven,
She'll be there!
They'll be there,
And oh! the sight will be so rare,
No relief; she'll come to grief,
For they'll be there!

Fourth Frat. Girl. "Speaking of 'being there!' I'm NEVER THERE until about fifteen minutes after the first triangle."

TRIANGLE SONG.*

(Frat. Girls, Betty Uptodate, Darling, Miss P. and her little Darlings, and Yem. Rooter.

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

Sing a song together girls, we'll sing it loud and clear,
Sing it with a hearty will and voices full of cheer,
Sing it as we used to sing 'way back in Freshman year,
While we are marching through Hollins.

II.

Well, the old triangle knew the music of our tread,
How the peaceful Faculty would tremble in their bed,
How we danced upon the lawn by ghostly figures led,
While we are marching through Hollins!

CHORUS.

Hollins! Hollins!
Ring out the chorus free!
Hollins! Hollins!
Thy daughters fair are we!
Cares shall be forgotten, all our sorrows flung away,
While we are marching through Hollins!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Time: Eleven P. M. of same day. Scene: The Library. Large "Silence" signs displayed conspicuously. R. table with an immense bell on it. L. a stand holding a dictionary. Stage at first dark, and gradually lighted.

Enter Darling, attired in a kimono, cautiously on tiptoe.

Darling. "Dear me! I'm the first one here, and it ith a little after eleven now. (Draws deep breath.) I thought I never would get here! Every board of the stair-stept thqueaked and thqueaked and every time

*From "College Songs."



I thought it wath a mouthe, and I jumped and it thqueaked more and more! I've got thuch a trembly feeling inthide! I know I need thome of Dr. Draketh cannon ballth, but ever since I took a moth ball by mithake, I've been afraid to try again. I did hope I would have thome color tho Betty would think me pretty! But I gueth we won't have much light, any way. (*Hugs herself, ecstatically.*) I uthed up all my toilet water and perfume and my room-mate's bay rum tho I would thmell thweet! Oh, the ith the thweetest thing I ever knew! I wonder what I muth do to make her love me!"

Enter Betty. She sees Darling and, with fingers to lips, utters a prolonged S-ssh: Then speaks to Darling.

Betty. "Well, friend, we seem to be the only ones here. When are the rest coming? I don't see any signs of eatables, do you?"

Darling (*reproachfully*). "Oh, what can I want with eatableth when you are near? (*Growing enthusiastic.*) Why, cheeth pallth on me! Peanut-butter growth thtale! Why (*dramatically*) I would even forego thoth adorable little butter-scotch wrapped in thilver paper for the pleasure of being with you!"

Betty (*aside*). "Why, bless me! The child is really crazy about me! She's an adorable little morsel, and it seems to be quite the thing to have a Darling. Anyway, I'll bet those old girls are working a 'skin game' on us about this feast. Kisses are better than peanut-butter and much more digestible! (*To Darling.*) Kidlet, do you know what? I'm beginning to love you." (*Darling quite overcome.*)

Betty sings.

Air: "On a Summer's Day."

So don't you see,
You'd best agree
To give me the key
 To your heart!
Now, don't you grin,
'Twould be a sin,
To have to win
 By art:
So come along,
We'll sing a song
Our feelings now to state;
 We can't have a feast,
 So now at least,
We'll have a tête-a-tête!



Betty and Darling advance to front of stage and sing, with arms around each other.

Betty and Darling.

Air: "I Can't Do this Sum."

Place on one and then one more (*Kiss twice*)
You're the girl I do adore! (*Kiss twice*)
You can wear my Sunday hat,
You can wear my rings,
We don't care what people say,
We are darlings!

Air: "My Angeline."

Darling: "Oh, my Betty!"
Betty: "My Darling!"
Darling: "I love but you."
Betty: "Can this be true?"
Darling: "Reciprocate!"
Betty: "I've found my mate!"
Together: "We take the cake for Darlings!"

Enter Miss Terrell. Darlings hastily slip under table, and peep out from the cover.

Miss Terrell (*in agitation*). "Heavens! When DID Columbus discover the fields of Klondike? No; that's not right. My brain is in a muddle, I can not remember dates. Never again will I say 'Exactly!' When did Napoleon call the Council of Nicea? No, No! Let me see if I can name the decisive battles of the world. (*Counting on fingers*) Santiago, Manila, Gettysburg—horrors! (*Gets out encyclopedia*). What was the difference between the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope? Never more can I trace it! (*With determination*) I will! (*Opens book, and taking a piece of tissue paper, traces the printing.*) I'll take this directly from the standard!" (*Miss Terrell at R.*)

Enter Dr. Drake.

Dr. Drake. "Well, I don't see many of my girls here! But that will be all right, as I will have time to meditate! That's what I tell the Second Physiology Class. Wonder if those girls ever do fail to know where the lesson is? One does not because she has First Physiology, too. There were not but three in class this morning. Did I ever tell those girls what

Carl Schneider said? He said 'The common run of men know little and care less about natural phenomena, such as seeing, hearing, digesting and so forth.' I hope none of my girls are like that. Let's see! What is the class motto? ATTENDANCE AND ATTENTION! Of course, they have to attend first! Ha! Ha! I can't teach them anything unless they are here! Then they must pay attention, and not write notes, read new books, or study other lessons. They think Physiology is a cinch, but the effects of examination require my NERVE PILLS!"

Enter Miss Bayne, carrying a stool labelled "DIGNITY." She places it by table and stands on it.

Dr. Drake. "Ah, Miss Bayne."

Miss Bayne. "Don't anybody speak! Let no man utter when I am near! Silence! Can't you see that the SIGN of the times is SILENCE?"
(Points to "Silence" Signs.)

Enter Mr. Duke, with hair rumpled. Mr. Duke draws a toy dog labelled "Yemassee."

Mr. Duke. "Did you say SINE? Now, in that wonderful study, Trigonometry the sine is equal to the cosine times"—

Miss Bayne (loudly). "I'm not discussing s-i-n-e-s, but s-i-g-n-s, Mr. Duke! I can not understand why you think that mathematics makes the world go round!"

Mr. Duke (proudly). "Mathematics PROVED that the world was round!"

Miss B. bangs bell. "Silence! Don't speak! I'm standing on my dignity."
(Darlings hastily withdraw heads)

Miss T. (coolly and sarcastically) "Well, I'm digging in the Standard. Exactly! I have found out that the Pope never had any temporal power. It was all spiritual, and spiritual things are abstract, not easily grasped! So that exonerates me! (Puts on gloves, and arranges shawl) Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of a Senior History girl! Woe be unto her."

(Enter Mr. Cummings and Mr. Mack, gesticulating wildly.)

Mr. Cummings. "Mr. Mack, let me confide in you! I am of the nature that craves pure sulphur water, and I am unable to induce any of these gentlemen of color to bring it to me! Now, Mr. Mack, what do you think of that? The perfidy of it! It makes me BOIL WITH RAGE!"

Mr. Mack. "Friend Cummings, I sympathize heartily with you in your sorrow. Believe me, I too can not satisfy myself with mere limestone water! I MUST, I WILL have sulphur water!"

Enter Mr. Cocke, hands in pockets, lips pursed in a whistle, knocks against Mr. Cummings.

Mr. Cocke. "Did you say sulphur water? Can you tell me if sulphur water is of H_2SO_4 or $H_3C_2N_6$?"

Mr. Cummings. "Hello, there, Estes. Where have you been?"

Mr. Cocke. "Philadelphia. To a scientist meeting!"

Mr. Cummings. "No! Really? And what new scientific discoveries were brought to light?"

Mr. Cocke (shifts feet nervously). Well, I discovered more about modern theatrical methods than anything. (Whistle.) You see, I resolved to go see all the good shows (*twirls pencil absent-mindedly*) and give what time was left to the scientists' meetings! (Pause; w'istle; twirls pencils.) But, there wasn't any—umph!—time left!"

Mr. Duke (steps forward.) "Estes, man! What made you tell? I've been describing and dilating upon our trips and those scientific meetings at every meal since we returned."

Mr. Cocke. "What's the diff? The girls won't ever know!"

Mr. Cummings (with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.) "No indeed! Poor dears! They are easy! Yes! Well, I pretend that it was a very simple process for me to learn to pronounce Old English. I don't boast, exactly, but I leave the dear creatures to infer that my knowledge of the language was not gained through digging, but through my own—ahem! (Taps forehead) mental power. For instance, there is a little word, "b-r-y-d" which I practiced on for months and months before I learned to pronounce it. Now, it is a very simple matter—

(*Mr. Duke, who has been endeavoring to interrupt Mr. Cummings, begins.*)

Mr. Duke. "Wait, Cummings! That reminds me of a pretty good joke I heard the other day—Ha! Ha! Ha! In Richmond, the other day, I met a friend—Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! This is a peach of a joke, He! He! Well, this friend told me his coat would be long enough—oh, no! That's the point of the joke! Never mind! (Cheerfully.) I'll begin over, you'll simply die a-laughing when you hear this! A peacherino! I'll begin over. I met a friend the other day in Richmond who told me"—

Mr. Cocke. "Heavens, Duke!"

Mr. Cummings (majestically). "As I was saying, I worked and worked and now I will demonstrate how to pronounce "b-r-y-d." It's dead easy. (Centre stage.) Observe! (Produces large linen handkerchief and mops

brow.) Just a slight moistening of the lips, so. (*Protudes tongue and round lips.*) BRYD! (very loudly) Ah! 'tis Old English for bird! How poetic"—

Mr. Duke. "I met a friend of mine in Richmond, Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! who told me" —

(*All others put hands in pockets, turn their backs to Mr. D. and whistle.*)

Mr. Duke. "Oh, Pshaw! You all have no sense of humor! No one appreciates my jokes but my wife!"

Enter Miss Parkinson. "I'm sure I beg your pardon for being late, but so many girls get excuses on Monday for Tuesday!"

Enter Miss Williamson. "Really! Girls are such procrastinators! I never give more than five original stories a week, and it's a very rare thing when they are handed in on time!"

Enter Miss Cleveland (carrying a copy of "Marmion"). "Of course, you all understand, Scott, magnificent, you understand. I have been engrossed with him, or I would have been here before. Of course you understand."

Enter Miss Thalia, carrying an armful of French exercise books. "Dear me! You REALLY don't know how much time it takes to correct these exercises! But, do you know, EVERY time I go over them I learn something new! I make mistakes myself, and I sympathize with the girls, yes indeed I do. But the —twins"—

Enter Mr. Mich. and Miss F.

Mr. Mich. "Ve have been out valking."

Miss F. (nodding head). "That's true."

Enter Miss M. P. "Ah, I've been spending a pleasant hour with Cicero, or I would have been here sooner. It's hard to tear oneself away."

Enter Miss Willie S. (softly). "Only been typewriting and making Christmas presents."

Enter Mrs. T. (wildly, incoherently). "Has anybody seen Joe? (Exit hastily.)

Enter Miss Dickinson (garlanded with flowers). "Telegram for Mr. Duke, and an express package for me! What? Yes, flowers of course!"

Faculty sing.

Air: "Jolly Students' Chorus."

We are the reverend Faculty,
Of Hollins the old, the old,
We have learning, we have wisdom,
With our moral courage we're bold!

When we speak before the masses,
And give our words to the classes,
Every girl says "Oh, Hark,"
Every girl says "Oh, Hark!"



Air: "John Brown's Body."

We're the Faculty of Hollins,
We reduce the girls to mere skins,
We find them out in their many, many sins,
For we know it all!

II.

There's not a single thing that we do not know,
Why hail is hail and does not turn to snow,
Why is thunder thunder, and what makes the winds blow,
For we know it all!

III.

We would like to fly to other worlds unknown,
There to find some facts quite unique and all alone,
We know all things here, that is why we now do moan,
For we know it all!

IV.

In the realm of Science, Literature and Art,
We're the ones that play a most important part,
We know every place on a map and on a chart,
For we know it all!

V.

We would always squelch the girls each and every one,
We don't understand why they want to have some fun,
We will give them knowledge by the pound—nay by the ton,
For we know it all!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene: Hollins Campus. Chorus of Senior Class, attired in Caps and Gowns.

Opening Chorus. Air: "Egypt."

I.

Far, far away I know they say,
There's "Uncle Billy's" hand,
A-waiting for to give us all
A-standing in a band,
A great and grand old sheepskin cream,
Tied with blue ribbon, seen
By all august and those we trust
Of all our kith and kin!
Most every Fresh and Sophomore
Would like to have it too
But 'less they work and mighty hard
It's difficult to do
"Diploma" is our sheepskin's name
And beautiful we say,
Sometimes we think she's like the sphinx,
And just as far away!

CHORUS.

I'm a goin' to get you, Oh yes! My sweet diploma
You are a Jonah, but this is true!
I'm a goin' to get you, Oh yes! you can't escape me.
Unless you break me, Diploma dear!

II.

At night I dream and then I seem
In a far distant land,
And oh! its fair, no Faculty there,
To evermore raise sand!

For now the day has died away
When we did lack the nerve,
To stop and play, for then they'd say
A squelch you do deserve!
We feel just like Alexander the Great
With all his pomp and state,
But then we spring, when 'larm clocks ring
And find the same old fate!
To shirk or work, just like a Turk,
You will soon begin to pray,
For now its only January
And not Commencement Day!

CHORUS.

Enter President of Senior Class. She carries an enormous box labelled "Privileges."

President (loudly). "Girls! Young ladies! Seniors! Co-sufferers!
Lend me your ears and your years of weighty study. I bear a hamper
brimming over with Privileges! But, beware! Concessions are often
more apparent than real. (A-hem! I learned that out of a book.) (Opens
box, and displays a huge bundle.) Now, friends, I am instructed to say,
that—liberty is not license and above all things, you must be judicious in
your conduct, since to you is granted these many privileges! I will now
read them to you! (Coughs importantly, and begins to unwrap bundle.
Several wrappings are thrown off, and a tiny velvet jewel case shown. From
this is taken an extremely small piece of paper.)

President.

PRIVILEGE No. I.

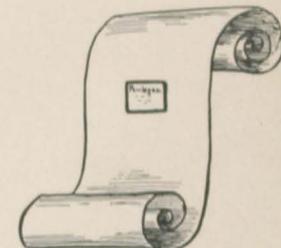
A Senior is allowed to cross the Campus from 8 A. M. to 5 P.
M., if attended to by two or more other Seniors.

PRIVILEGE No. II.

On Monday evenings, the privilege of hanging around the
dining-room door is given to each Senior in turn.

PRIVILEGE No. III.

If leggings, rain-coats, sweaters, bloomers and extra heavy
shoes are used, over-shoes will not be necessary if a Senior does
not go walking beyond the galleries.



PRIVILEGE No. IV.

Seniors are allowed to go to library if attended by one member of the Faculty and also written permission from the Lady Principal.

PRIVILEGE No. V.

On Sunday morning, if Seniors are late they will receive only two marks.

PRIVILEGE No. VI.

Seniors may whisper on the galleries without fear of being expelled from the school.

Ah, my dear schoolmates, this is unprecedented! We are privileged characters! Let us now make the most of our opportunities for we are SENIORS!"

Air: "I Can't Do this Sum."

I.

If an engine brought two hundred girls
And dropped them at the station,
The 'bus would bring them all to school,
Some in tears and some in elation:
If a new girl of an old should ask,
Which of all is the best class,
Would she Fresh., Soph. or Junior say,
And let the Senior pass?
No! No! No!

CHORUS.

Put up brains and get a degree,
This is awfully hard, you see,
You can work and work and work,
Until you grow thin—
We don't mind such small things,
Getting our sheepskin!

II.

Oh, its awfully nice to be a Senior,
And jump when the hour-bell rings:
Although we have precious privileges
And other marvellous things:

There are just some facts that still remain,
The hardest ever tried,
If we would not our record stain,
By the rules we must abide!
Yes! Yes! Yes!

CHORUS.

Oh, how nice to be a Senior,
You bet it is, you bet it is,
Gee! and take in all the fun,
You bet we do, you bet we do!
You can skip and skip and skip,
Never crack a book,
But for an exam., you can cram
In some quiet nook!

Enter First Frat. Girl and Second Frat. Girl in Caps and Gown.

First Frat. Girl. "Well, have you heard from that horrible girl who referred to 'bargains in Frats.'? And that other little turtle-dove effect whom we invited to the feast?"

Second Frat. Girl. "Yes. They hid under the table, and the Faculty never touched them. Hard luck for us. Oh, Cæsar! There they are!"

Enter Darling and Betty. They see Fraternity Girls and walk past haughtily.

First Frat. Girl. "Er—we're awful sorry, but we couldn't possibly get to the feast last night. We all tried to pronounce Old English and our tongues grew so twisted that we didn't get them straightened until the first triangle for breakfast."

Darling (wearily). "Don't bother uth! We're going to take our 'souvenir spoon.'"

Betty and Darling sing.

Air: "Please Go 'Way and Let Us Sleep."

Please go 'way and let us spoon,
Nothing's lacking but a moon,
We have got but just till June,
So please let us spoon!

Exit Darling and Betty.

Seniors sing.

Air: "One More River."

The Freshmen Class, they put up a sign,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)
They asked the Sophs to come and dine!
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)

CHORUS.

One more river and that one river is
"finals,"
One more river, just one more river to
cross!

II.

The Sophomores are stuck-up and proud,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)
They laughed at the Freshies long and loud,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)

CHORUS.

III.

The Juniors think they're swell and grand,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)
They think the school for them was planned,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)—

CHORUS.

IV.

The Juniors buy both caps and pins,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)
But they can't hide their many sins,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)

CHORUS.

V.

The Seniors have an elegant hall,
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)
Nobody else is in it at all!
(We 'gwine to graduate soon!)

CHORUS.

VI.

The Senior Class, it can't be beat,
('Gwine for to graduate soon!)
In heaven we'll have the highmost seat,
('Gwine for to graduate soon!)

CHORUS.

VII.

The Faculty are a grand old set,
('Gwine to graduate us soon!)
The Senior Class they coddle and pet,
('Gwine to graduate us soon!)
CHORUS.

First Senior (steps forward and begins dramatically). "Ha! Listen to my tale of woe! I feel it my duty to warn my friends, the Freshies, Sophs and Juniors, against too much—er—sassiness in general before they arrive at the seventh heaven of Seniorhood! So list to my story.

I.

When first I came
To these dear grounds,
My ambition, soaring,
Knew no bounds!

II.

The Freshmen have
Such simple hearts,
Why, I thought I'd take
A Bachelor of Arts!
But I didn't!

III.

I thought in my
Simplicity
The Editor of the
Quarterly, I'd be!
But I ain't!

IV.

I went down to practice,
It surely did seem,
I'd be elected Captain
Of a basket-ball team!
But I wasn't!

V.

'Twas then I thought,
When a year should pass,
I'd sure be President
Of the Senior Class!
But I ain't!



VI.

Bright visions galore
Came unto me,
How I'd hold the eye,
Of the Faculty!
(But they didn't seem to catch!)

VII.

And when I leave
This dear old school
I'll always follow
This one rule,
"Hitch your wagon to a star,"
So much does on that act depend;
But keep your balance and hold on tight,
Or you'll surely fall out the back end.

Senior President. "That's true to nature! But I've a sadder story. I never thought I would regret leaving exams., and squelches, and public reading of reports. But, somehow, its the memory of the pleasant things that remain—of the friends we've made, of the hours of care-free happiness—and though I thought I would be glad to leave—'BUT I AIN'T.' "

Senior Chorus.

Air: "Sleep Little Baby of Mine."

No other year shall see,
This Class together again,
There's a sigh in each heart, for soon we must
part,
Each now her own life to spend;
In the years to come,
Let us never forget!
The years we've stayed and worked and played,
Will cling in our memory yet!
Now farewell, now farewell, dear old Hollins!

(Softly)

Now farewell, now farewell, dear old Hollins!

CURTAIN.



— AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

THE TWELVE COMMANDMENTS

Of Hollins Institute

Thou shalt not use thy room-mate's brush—
This is a crime, indeed;
Thou shalt not wear thy neighbor's clothes,
Nor yellow novels read.

Thou shalt not from thy window lean
And flirt with strangers gay;
To higher things thy mind should tend
On holy Sabbath day.

On Sunday nights thou shalt not talk,
Nor hang around the door;
Thou shalt not skip at dead of night
Upon a creaking floor.

On singing books thou shalt not sit
Unless thou shouldst oppress
The sacred hymns that dwell therein
And the leader thus distress.

Thy friend's wash-rag thou shalt not use—
This is a stringent rule
Which should be kept, we have been told,
"By a way-faring man, though a fool."

Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's bath,
If righteous thou wouldst have her grow,
For cleanliness and godliness
Are virtues that together flow.

Thou shalt not to thy meals be late—
A rule to bear in mind,
Lest on thy quarterly report
Demerits thou shalt find.

In reading-room thou must be mum,
All talking must eschew,
And do to others as thou wouldst
That they should do to you. *

—K. B. T.

From 1900 SPINSTER.

*Twelve commandments should be ever with us.

: CLUBS :

Congenial

Stately



The Hollins Quarterly

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Associate Editors

FRANCES LIGON, South Carolina

BRENT WITT, Virginia

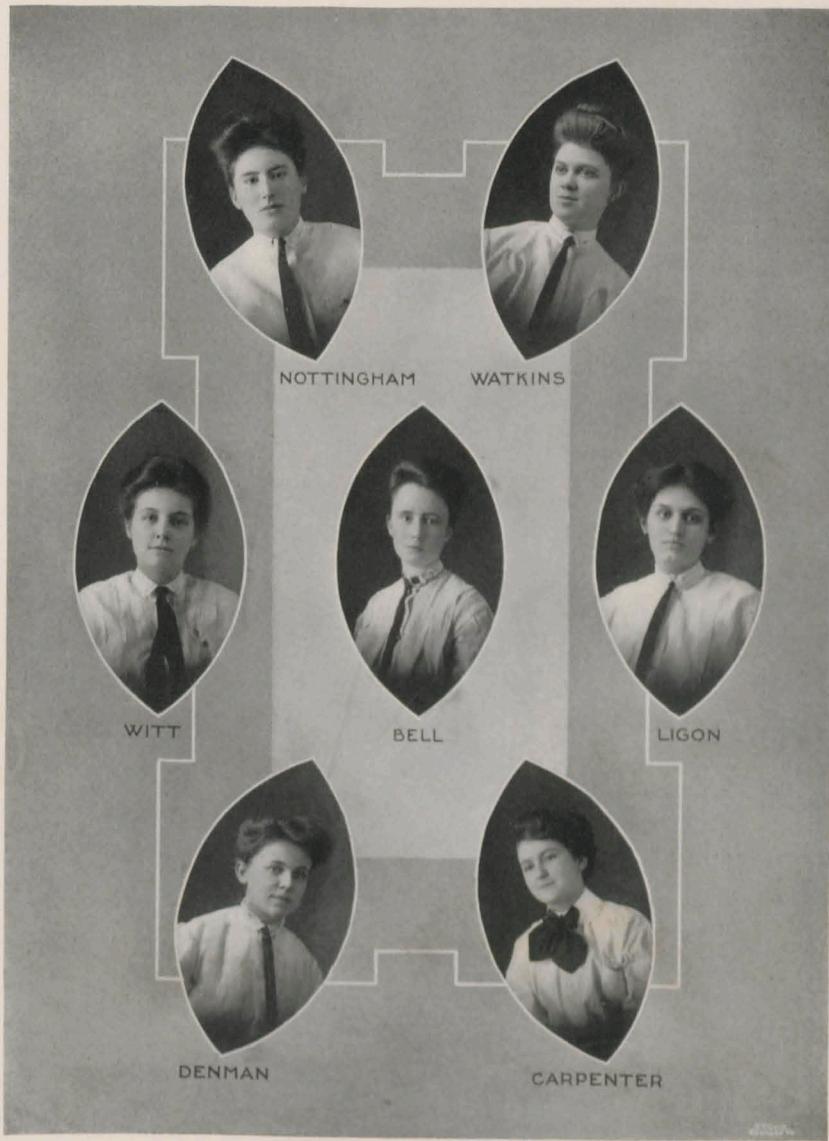
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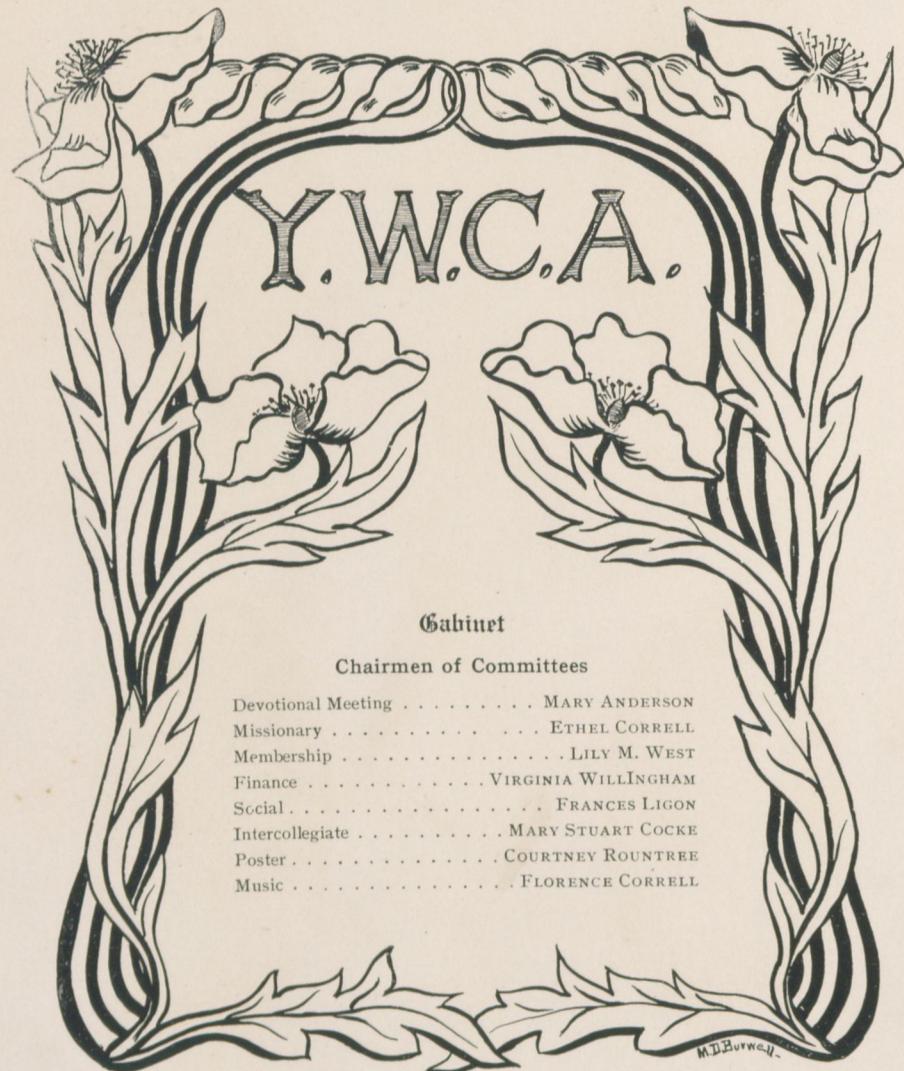
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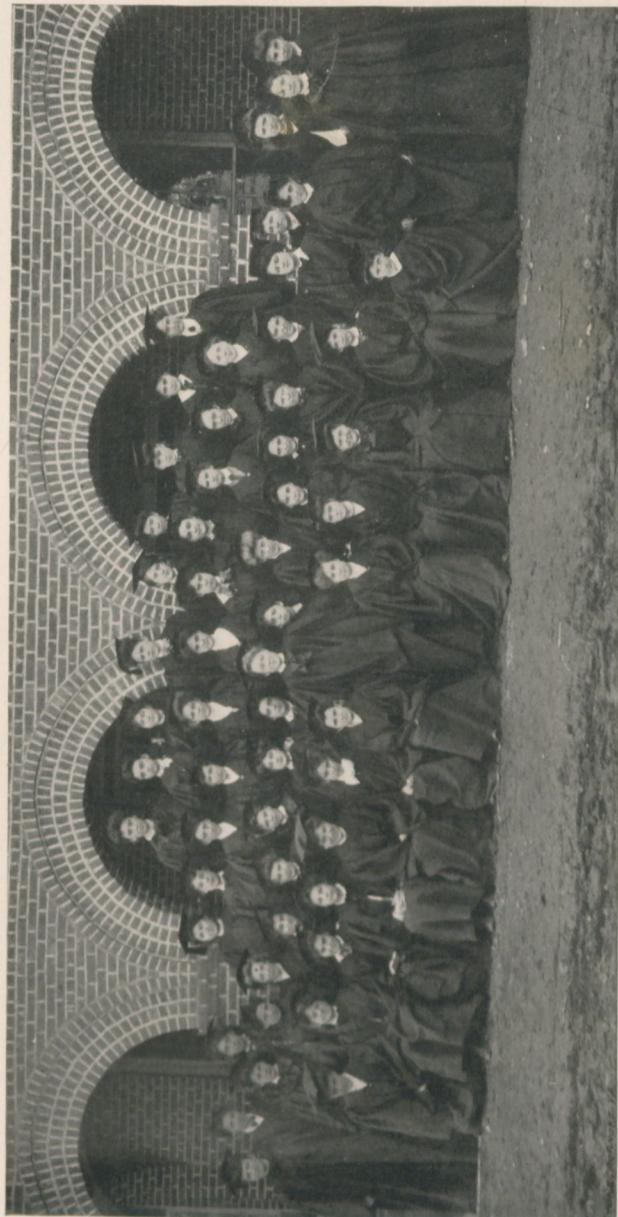
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EUPHIAN SOCIETY

Hollins Theatre

MONDAY, MARCH 20TH, 1905.

The Euepian Society

PRESENTING

“THE RIVALS”

A Comedy in Three Acts — Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Under the Management of

Mrs. M. M. Harrison

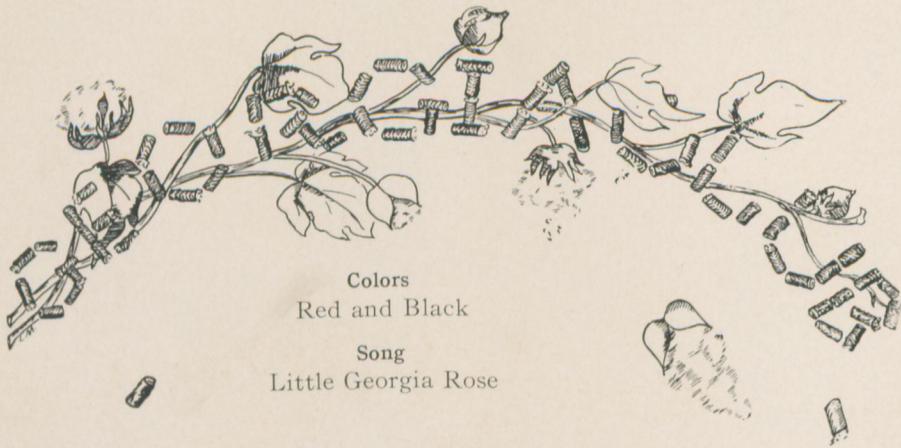
C A S T.

Sir Anthony Absolute	L. Smith
Captain Absolute	L. West (Under the assumed name of Beverly.)
Bob Acres	M. Wortham
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	R. Satterfield
David	N. Richardson
Faulkland	J. Richardson
Fag	A. Clarke
Boy	M. Williams
Mrs. Malaprop	Miss Mary Lou Thompson
Lydia Languish	Miss Nan Davis
Lucy	Miss Mabel Caldwell



THE RIVALS

© D. B. ROBERTS



Colors

Red and Black

Song

Little Georgia Rose

Officers

President LOUISE LUNDIE LAMAR

Vice-President LUCILE WOODRUFF

Sec'y and Treas. . . . LILA ROSS WILLINGHAM

Honorary Members

MRS. ELLA COCKE Columbus

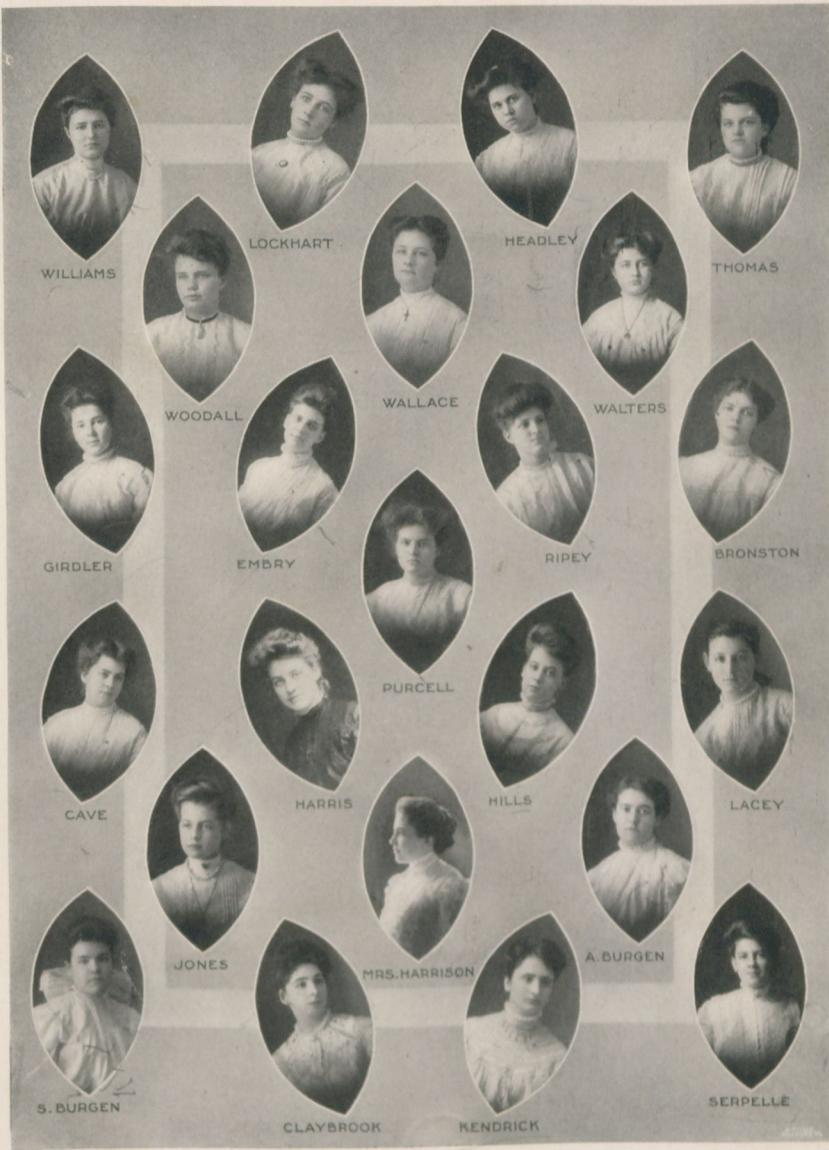
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MRS. LUCIAN H. COCKE Atlanta

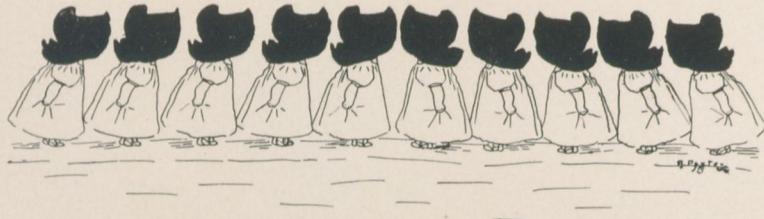


GEORGIA CLUB





KENTUCKY CLUB



Tennessee Club

LYDIA KIMBROUGH President

MARY CHANDLER Vice-President

ETHELYN POTTS Secretary and Treasurer

Motto

"Eat and Run!"

Flower

Dog Fennel

Members

EMMA CARSON

ADAH CALDWELL

BESSIE PORTER

LOUISE KIRVEN

SADIE COOK

LOUISE HALL

MINNIE BELL GRANT



TENNESSEE CLUB



Alabama Club

Song
"Alabama"

Colors
Red and White

Motto
"Meet to Eat"

Officers

President	KATE STEINER
Vice-President	WILCIE DICKERSON
Secretary and Treasurer	HARRIET WOODRUFF

Members

ISABEL ABERCROMBIE	Montgomery
KATHLEEN BLOUNT	Union Springs
MAY COLLINS	Birmingham
WILCIE DICKERSON	Birmingham
FANNY DRENNAN	Birmingham
ALICE GARTH	Huntsville
TRUXIE LACKLAND	Grove Hill
VIRGINIA MEANS	Birmingham
OLIVE SKEGGS	New Decatur
EUGENIA SMITH	Prattville
KATE STEINER	Montgomery
LULU VIRDEN	Montgomery
HARRIET WOODRUFF	Mooresville
KATHERINE ZEITLER	Mooresville



ALABAMA CLUB



Members

JULIA ARMSTRONG	Austin	EUGENIA MANGUM	Uvalde
BERNICE BARCLAY	Temple	MABEL MORRIS	Karnes City
LUCY BARHAM	Dallas	JULIA RICHARDSON	Austin
ELISABETH BIBB	Fort Worth	NINA RICHARDSON	Austin
MABEL CALDWELL	Temple	CHARLIE MAE SCOTT	Fort Worth
ANITA COCKE	Brownsville	FRANCES STEINER	San Antonio
JULIET DAUGHERTY	Houston	MARY LOUISE THOMPSON	Ft. Worth
BEBE DENMAN	San Antonio	ELSIE WILLS	Dallas
FLOSSIE DENMAN	San Antonio	HATTIE WOODS	Flatonia
ROY DENMAN	San Antonio	MARY WORTHAM	Austin
ELMA LOVE	Clarksville	MADELINE WICKS	Houston
CHRISTINE DEVITT	Fort Worth		



California Club

Color
Blue and Gold

Flower
Poppy

Motto
"Eat, drink and be merry."

Members

MATTIE GARRETTE	Woodland
EBELLE SMITH	Stockton
RUBY GARRETTE	Woodland
MADELINE WICKS	Los Angeles
PEARL GARRETTE	Woodland

Honorary Members

NANCY CHAPMAN	Virginia
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Capitol Club

Colors
Delft-Blue and Gold

Motto
"On to Richmond"

Flower
"May Handy" Violet

Officers

ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD	<i>President</i>
MARY BRENT WITT	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELLEN CASKIE WITT	<i>Sec'y and Treas</i>

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NEWELL ROUNTREE	MAMIE WALKER
MARY BRENT WITT	LILY WEST
ELLEN CASKIE WITT	ALICE THOMPSON
MIRIAM VIRGINIA BRIGGS	MARGARET MCKEE
GRACE LEE BRIGGS	ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD
LOUISE CLARKE	LORA CRUMP
SADIE WHITE	MAUDE JOHNSON

Honorary Members

F. W. DUKE	MISS B. G. DICKINSON
------------	----------------------



West Virginia Club

Colors
Old Gold and Blue

Flower
Rhododendron

Members

JANE CARPENTER	Fairmont
ELEANOR DAILEY	Elkins
NETTIE BAIRD	Fort Spring
EVELYN TALBOTT	Elkins
BESSIE WITTEN	Bluefield
GRAYCE PRICHARD	Mannington
LAURA WALKER	Bluefield
eva BAKER	Beverly
EVELYN SHIREY	Bluefield
MARY ELLIOT	Belington



South Carolina State Club



Colors
Gold and White

Flower
Daisy

Song
Down where the Cotton Blossoms Grow

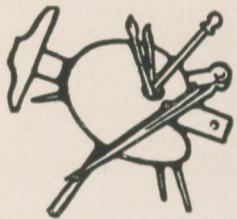
Yell

Hippety Dub! Hippety Dub!
What's the Club! What's the Club!
South Carolina!

Members

LAURA BARKSDALE
BLANCHE C. BELL
BEBE CUMMINGS
PROF. F. A. CUMMINGS
ANNE DANTZLER
LOUISE HENDERSON

FRANCES LIGON
ALICE MAXWELL
CARRIE POOL
ANNA WATKINS
MARY WILBUR
LYDIA WILHITE



Art Club

LUCY BARHAM

CUMMINS BULLITT

MARY D. BURWELL

C. LOUISE GEDGE

LETA MOOMAW

ELIZABETH GORDON PORTER

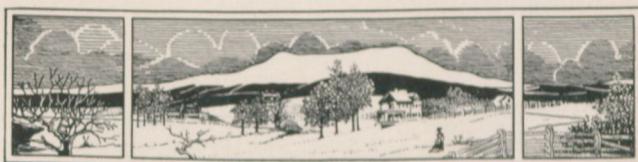
ETHEL THOMAS

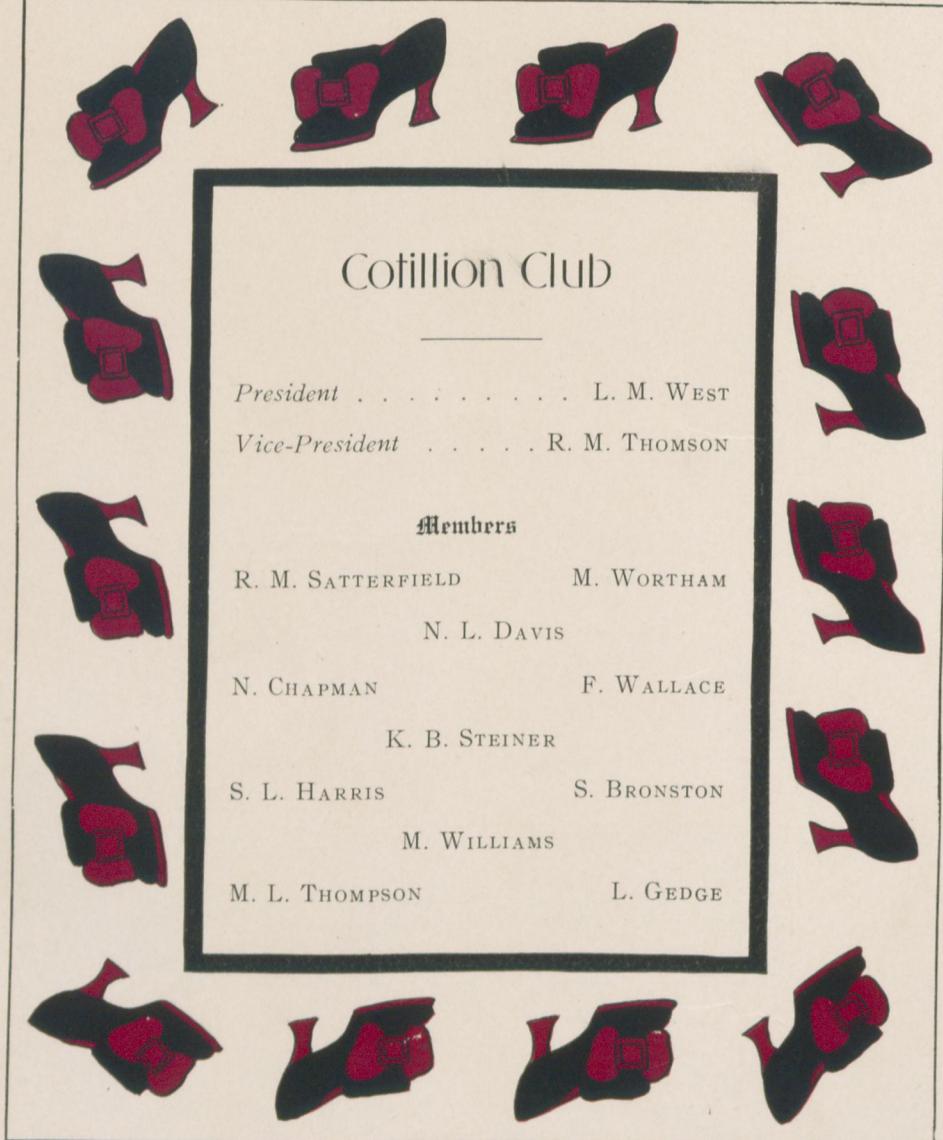
CAROLYN P. REDDEN

M. BOOTH

ALICE MAXWELL

MILDRED WOOLFORD





Cotillion Club

President L. M. WEST

Vice-President R. M. THOMSON

Members

R. M. SATTERFIELD	M. WORTHAM
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N. L. DAVIS

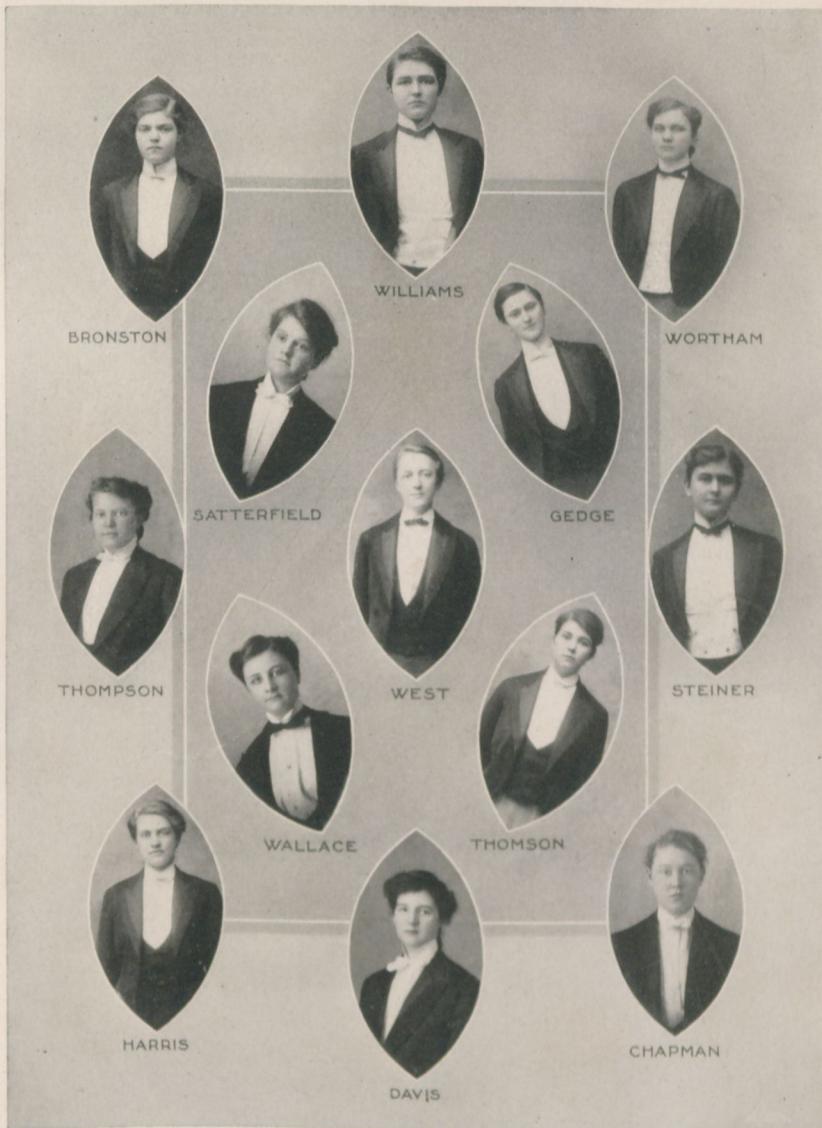
N. CHAPMAN	F. WALLACE
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K. B. STEINER

S. L. HARRIS	S. BRONSTON
--------------	-------------

M. WILLIAMS

M. L. THOMPSON	L. GEDGE
----------------	----------



COTILLION CLUB



T. G.

MARGARET SCHMELZ	Virginia
EDITH WALTERS	Kentucky
LILLIAN PERRY	Virginia
LORA CRUMP	Virginia
VIDA CHISHOLM	Georgia
MARY WATTS	Virginia



F. LOCKHART	Pike
M. SERPELLE	Old Sport
R. PHILLIPS	Young Sport
M. MORLEY	Tender-foot
R. HAYWARD	Unlucky
E. THOMAS	Barker



Watchword

" Git "

Flower

Sunflower

Colors

Sky-blue, Pink and Purple

Song

" I'm Wearing my Heart Away for You "

Motto

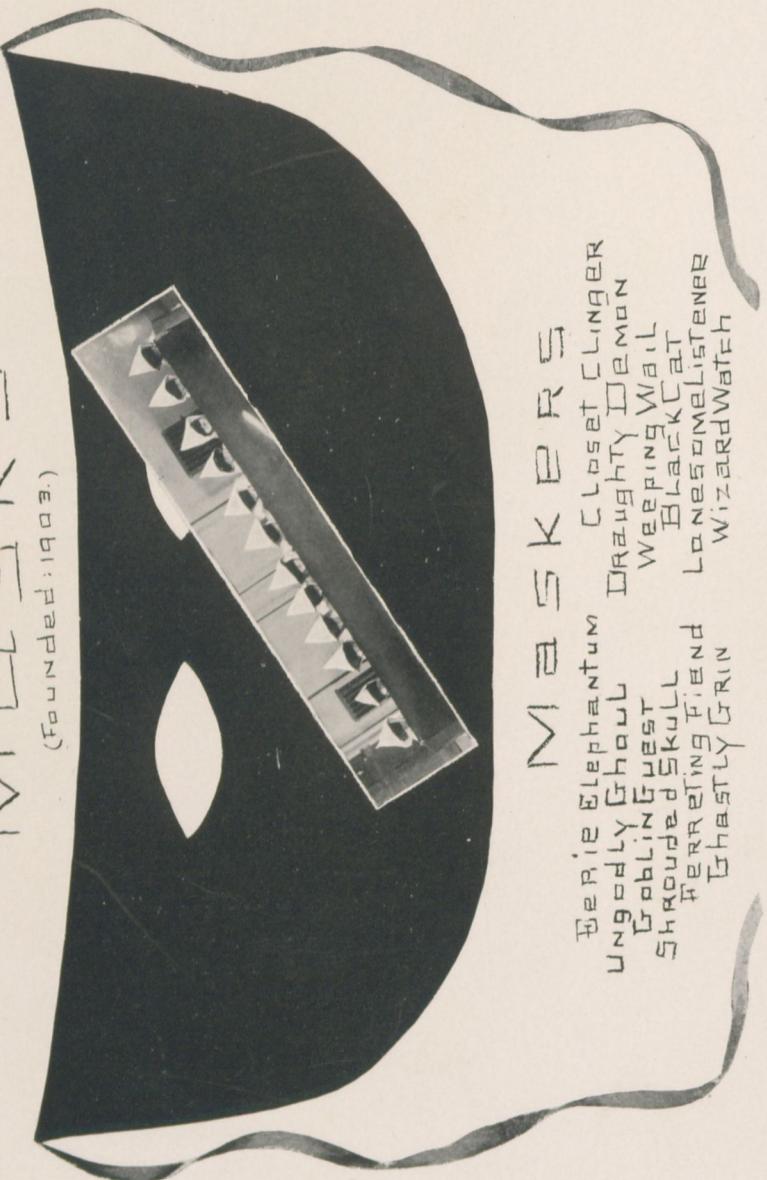
" I'm Going to Live Anyhow 'Till I Die "

EVELYN TALBOTT, B. E. West Virginia
 MYRTLE MORLEY, M. H. Missouri
 KATHLEEN BLOUNT, A. L. Alabama
 MAY KENDRICK, O. L. Kentucky



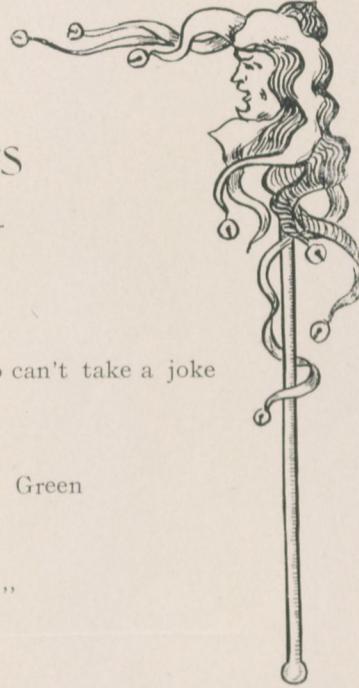
MiDNiGHT MakErS

(Founded: 1903.)



MakErS

Berie Elephantum	Closet Clincher
Ungholy Ghoul	Draughty Demon
Goblin Guest	Weeping Wall
Shrouded Skull	Black Cat
Ferrering Friend	Lonesome Listener
Ghastly Grin	Wizard Watch



Jokers

Motto

Deliver us from those who can't take a joke

Colors

Red, Yellow, Green

Song

"Teasing"





Watchword
Sh—sh—sssh

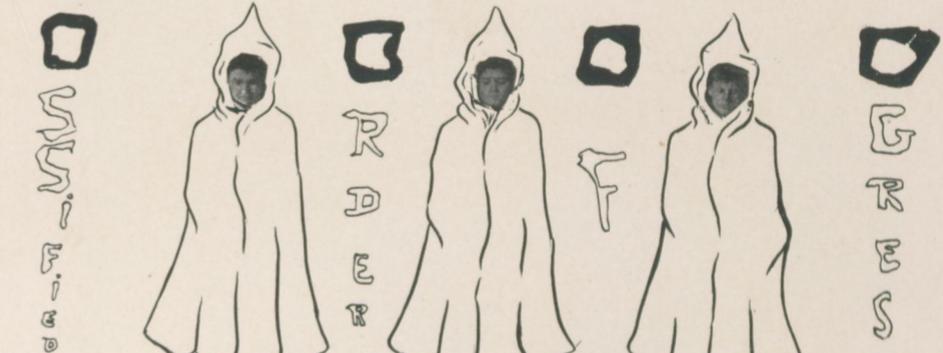
Color
Lantern Light

Chosen Few

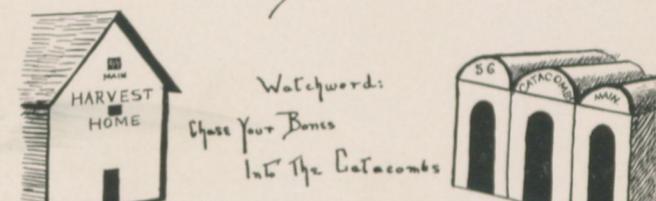
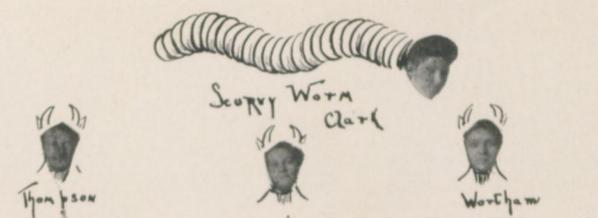
PETERS PINCHER	LALLIE CARPENTER
SNICKERING SNEEZER	LOUISE CLARKE
BIRD BAGGER	ISABEL ABERCROMBIE
GOBBLING GALULU	LULU VIRDEN
GRUB GRABBER	ROSE SATTERFIELD
ROLICKING ROARER	RUTH LAVINDER
HASTY HIDER	KATE STEINER
EMPTY EM	EMILY WOODALL

Honorary Member
MRS. CUTHBERTSON

Song
"I'll Be There" [at 10:30]



The THREE Most Mighty and Powerful Moguls



Watchword:
Chase Your Bones
into The Catacombs

and
Hustle Into The Harvest Home



Night-Hawks

Motto
"Doomed to Walk the Night"

Haunt
"O. B. R."

Members

THE HUNGRY TWINS	Choker
REDDY	Pair of Frogs (<i>Haunt—Millpond</i>)
MISS DIGNITY	Curiosity Box???
RAT	Dreamy Eyes
"MY DEAR"	Little Wifie
GRANNY	Flirt
TOM THUMB	Easy-going



Leggins.

LALLIE LEE CARPENTER . . . Virginia
VIDA CHISHOLM Georgia

EDITH WALTERS Kentucky

REBEKAH PHILLIPS . . . Missouri
ETHEL THOMAS Kentucky





Sheba

Flower

The Modest Violet

Watchword

"Hi, Dar!"

Aim

Everything in general, nothing in particular.

Members

MINNIEBELLE GRANT Tennessee
"Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile."

MARY NOTTINGHAM Virginia
"Be on time, be on time, be on time."

ETHEL PILCHER Virginia
"One may smile and smile and be a villain."

CAROLINE REDDEN Maryland
"There is such a charm in melancholy."

MACIE WILLIAMS Virginia
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."



COLLINS



HALL



SMITH



DICKERSON



SKEGGS

The Crusaders.



Motto:
Tears?

Colors



Pilgrims

Hospital Corps Commissaries

Blanch Hills

Lucy Dancy

Belle Cave

Gyllette Henry

Rita Cocke

M S Carter

Sally Hayward

Frances Wallace

Peggy Schmelyng

Ellen Pitt

Sina See Harris

Lucile Boyd

Elsie Miles

Archie Rippy

Susan Bronston

Lucy Patten

Lera Crump

Annis Clark

Katherine Shuey

Brent Pitt

Lula Virden

Lucille A. Loyd

Isabel Abercrombie

Marie Gedge

Emily Brent Woodall



MARY CHANDLER

ROSE SATTERFIELD

ANNIS IRVINE CLARK

ROSE HAYWOOD

ETHEL THOMAS

MAY SERPELLE



EX LIBRIS

Naughty-Naught Club

Founded 1900

Motto

Errare est humanum

Colors	Stone	Flower
Black and White	Opal	Violet

Yell

Rip-tum-rex
Rip-tum-raught
Rip-tum bip-tum
Naughty-Naught

Members

LILA WILLINGHAM	Macon, Ga.
LALLIE LEE CARPENTER	Clifton Forge, Va.
ELISE FIELDING MILES	University of Virginia
LUCILLE ASTON LOYD	Lynchburg, Va.
KATE BROOKS STEINER	Montgomery, Ala.
MARY STUART COCKE	Roanoke, Va.
VIDA CHISHOLM	Savannah, Ga.
EMILY BRENT WOODALL	Covington, Ky.
LULA STEDMAN VIRDEN	Montgomery, Ala.
ETHEL BURNETT THOMAS	Irvine, Ky.
ELLEN CASKIE WITT	Richmond, Va.
LILY MONTGOMERY WEST	Richmond, Va.



NAUGHTY-NAUGHT CLUB

A Lesson in Fraternity Lore

Mother, what is that loud crashing and yelling noise? Is that an Indian war-whoop?

No, my child! Only a *A. T. B.* meeting.



Mother, why do those girls look so haggard?
They are *G. O. H.* trying to remember "who belongs."



Mother, why has that girl no new spring hat?
Hush, my dear; she is an *X. Y. Z.* alias Pi Theta alias Sigma Sigma Sigma. She has spent all of her money purchasing new and different pins.



Why are those four girls fastened together?
They are *Φ. K. E.* and they do not want another satellite to fall.



Mother, why does that girl look so sanctified?
She, my dear, is a reformed *K. A.*
Why does she look hungry?
No longer do they use silk tulle and have fourteen courses at their banquets.



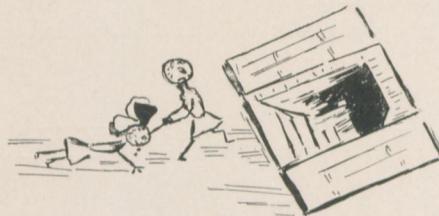
Mother, who is that tall woman with that crowd of nicely washed children?
That—Oh, she is Lucille Loyd, matron and entertainer of the Naughty-Naughts.



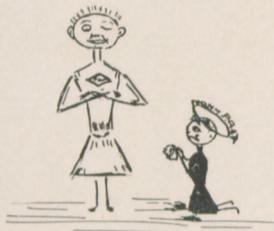
Well, look! Is that a Confederate badge on that girl's dress?
No! That is a *Φ. M.* pin.



Mother, why is that girl all decked in *blue and black*?
She, my dear, is soon to go down in the cellar with the *Φ. M. Γ.*'s



Why is the girl with her all *black and blue*?
She, dear, is a new *J. T. B.* Don't you see the pin in her hair?



We would advise those who can not remember "who is whose frat.
sister," to carry around a memorandum book.



Sororities



DELTA TAU BETA

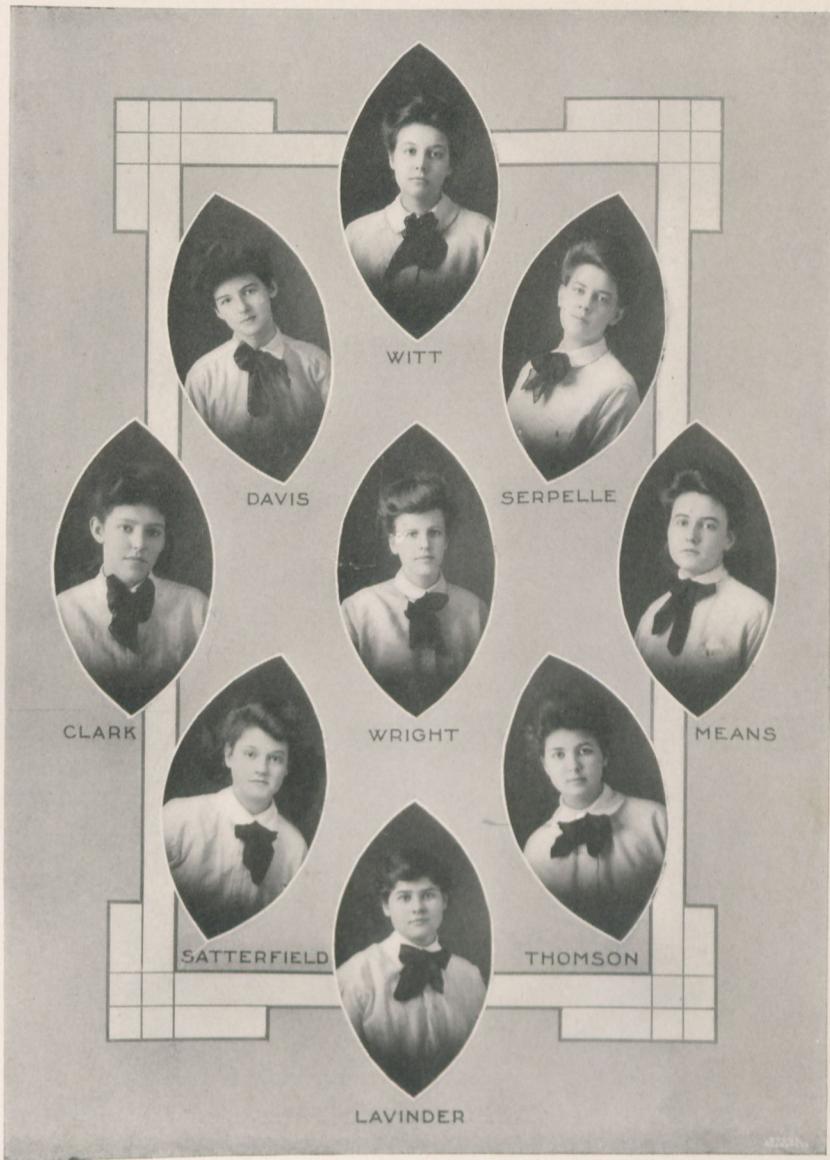
FOUNDED 1890



SORORES



ANNIS IRVINE CLARK
NANNIE LOUISA DAVIS
LEILA RUTH LAVINDER
VIRGINIA PRESTON MEANS
ROSE McGUIRE SATTERFIELD
ALICE MAY SERPELLE
ROSAMOND MEANS THOMSON
MARY BRENT WITT
EDNA BELLE WRIGHT
MINNIE BELLE GRANT



DELTA TAU BETA



Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898. Chartered 1902.

Alpha Chapter, Hollins, Va.
Beta Chapter, New York
Delta Chapter, New York
Gamma Chapter, Gainesville, Ga.
Theta Epsilon Chapter, Marion, Ala.
Zeta Chapter, Danville, Ky.

Alpha Chapter

FRANCES K. LIGON	South Carolina
SINA LEE HARRIS	Kentucky
MARGARET SCHMELZ	Virginia
ALICE MARIE GEDGE	Indiana
ARTIMISIA RIPPY	Kentucky
BELLE WISDOM CAVE	Kentucky
LUCY PATTON	Virginia
CATHERINE PAGE JONES	Kentucky
BLANCHE HILLS	Kentucky
LORA CRUMP	Virginia
C. LOUISE GEDGE	Illinois



SCHMELZ

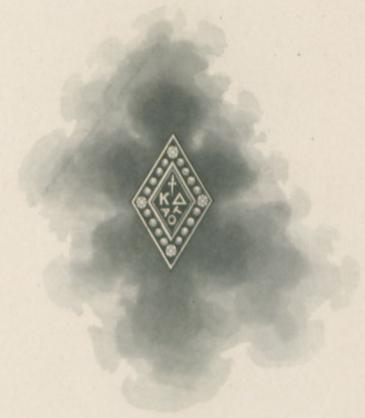
RIPEY

CRUMP

JONES

M. GEDGE

PHI MU GAMMA



E.A.WRIGHT PHILA.
2018

Kappa Delta

Organized 1895—Chartered 1902

ALPHA CHAPTER	Farmville, Va.
BETA CHAPTER	Chatham, Va.
GAMMA CHAPTER	Hollins, Va.
THETA CHAPTER	Lynchburg, Va.
SIGMA CHAPTER	Washington, D. C.
PHI PSI CHAPTER	Washington, D. C.
ZETA CHAPTER	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER	Tallahassee, Fla.
RHO OMEGA PHI CHAPTER	Marion, Ala.
DELTA CHAPTER	Columbia, S. C.

Sorores

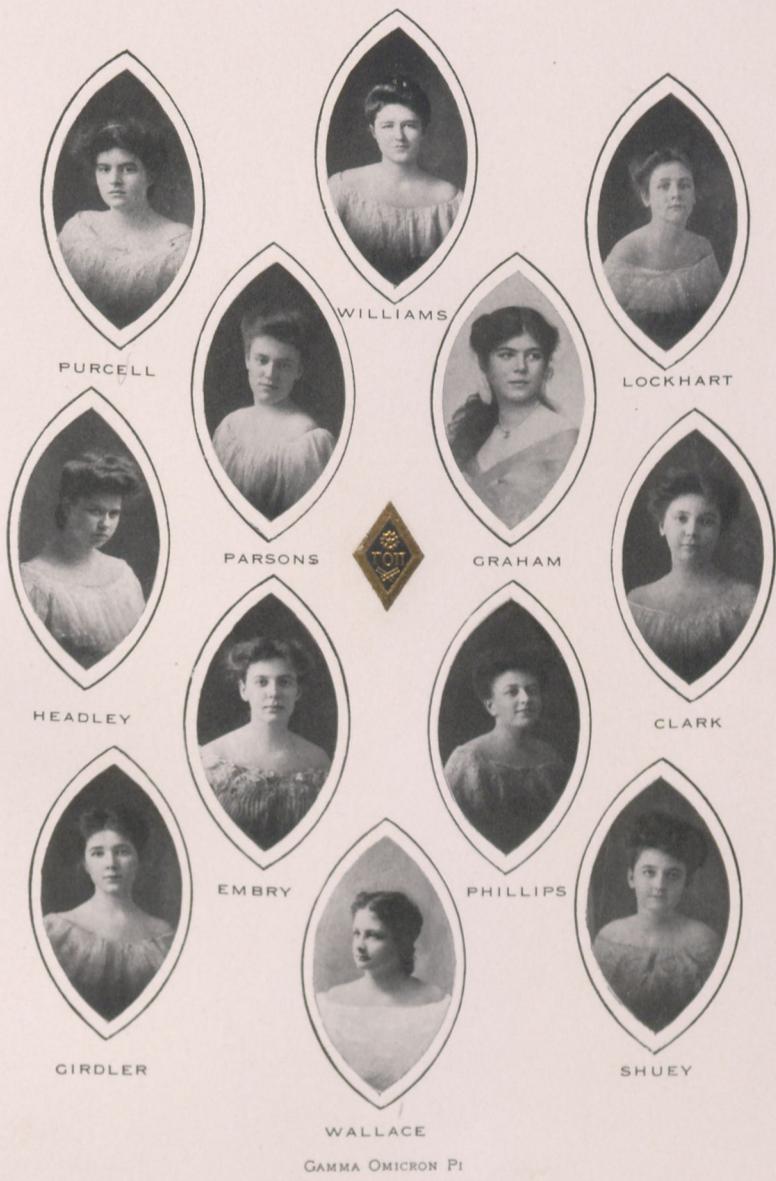
Gamma Chapter

ISABEL ABERCROMBIE	Alabama
SUSIE T. BOWIE	Georgia
MARY J. CHANDLER	Tennessee
FLORENCE N. CORRELL	Japan
JENSY Y. LOOP	Tennessee
ELIZABETH G. PORTER	Tennessee
MARY LOU THOMPSON	Texas
MABEL M. VOSS	Arkansas
NELL M. VOSS	Arkansas
MARY F. WORTHAM	Texas



KAPPA DELTA





GAMMA OMICRON PI



Phi Mu

ORGANIZED, 1852

CHARTERED, 1904

ALPHA CHAPTER
BETA CHAPTER

MACON, GA.
HOLLINS, VA.

SORORES
BETA CHAPTER

MARY B. FARISH	.	.	GEORGIA
ALICE D. GARTH	.	.	ALABAMA
ELIZABETH KYLE	.	.	GEORGIA
EDITH KYLE	.	.	GEORGIA
LOUISE LAMAR	.	.	GEORGIA
MADGE NORMAN	.	.	GEORGIA
VIRGINIA E. WILLINGHAM	.	.	GEORGIA
LYDIA S. WILHITE	.	.	SOUTH CAROLINA
LUCILE WOODRUFF	.	.	GEORGIA



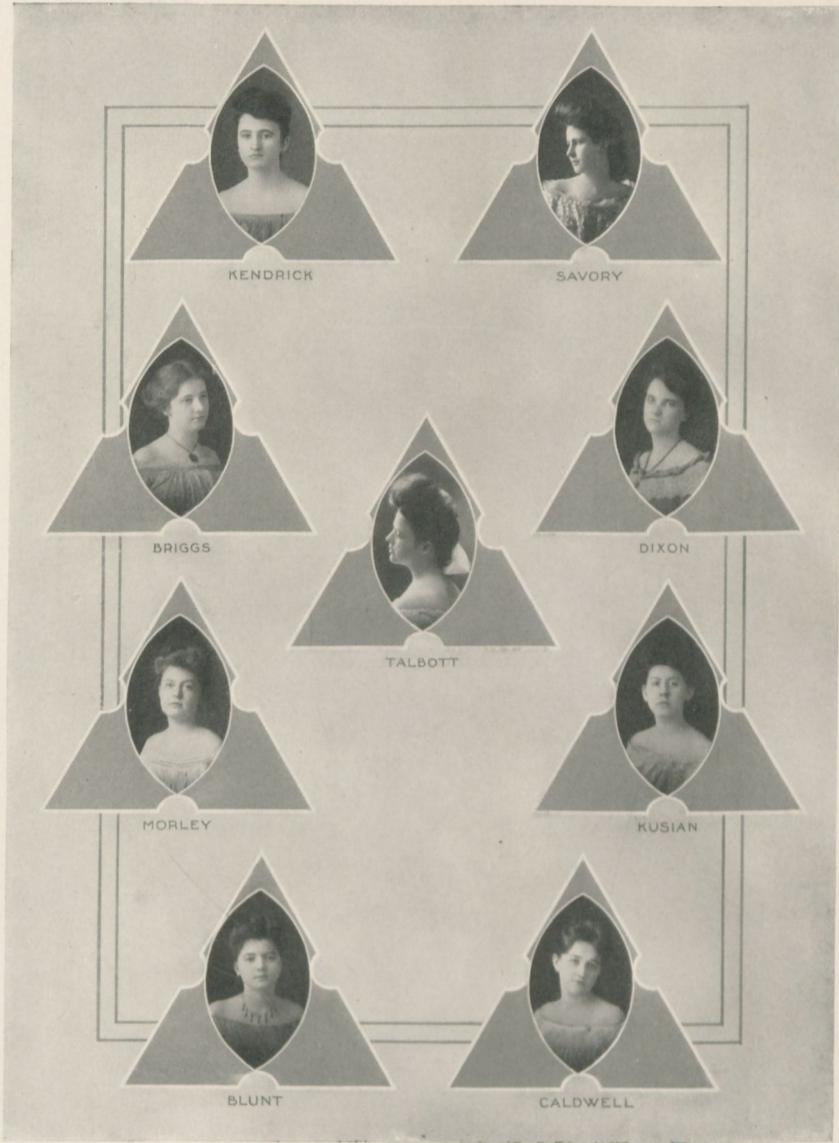


Sigma Sigma Sigma

ALPHA CHAPTER	Farmville, Va.
BETA CHAPTER	Lewisburg, W. Va.
GAMMA CHAPTER	Lynchburg, Va.
DELTA CHAPTER	Nashville, Tenn.
EPSILON CHAPTER	Hollins, Va.

Sorores

ADA KATHLEEN BLOUNT	Alabama
EVELYN BOSWORTH TALBOTT	West Virginia
ANNA LOUISE KUSIAN	Virginia
ETHEL MARGARET SAVORY	New Jersey
CHARLOTTE LOUISE DIXON	Virginia
MAY CLARE KENDRICK	Kentucky
MABELLE EVELYN CALDWELL	Texas
GRACE LEE BRIGGS	Virginia
MYRTLE ANNA MORLEY	Missouri



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA



PHI KAPPA EPSILON—Beta Chapter



YE EDITOR RIDETH PEGASUS.

I.

Her father kept the corner saloon,
He was democratic;
His daughter lived her life abroad,
She was aristocratic!

II.

Her fiancé, Lord Lackindough,
Inquired about her kin;
(He did not care so very much,
He only wanted tin!)

III.

"My pa," she said, in dreamy tones,
"With yours is on a par,
For scarcely was he twenty-one
When summoned to the Bar."

A BULLY VOICE.

The voice of the Wall Street broker
For uniqueness stands alone,
Though most familiar with "tenner,"
He has a bear-y tone.
And so you'll all admit,
It's a very puzzling case,
Why many, many people
Consider him quite base!

A DOMESTIC GIRL.

I knew a girl, a beauty, too,
'Twas written clear in every feature,
That, though she never did a lick of work,
She was yet a most domestic creature!

II.

Her long eyelashes *swept* her cheeks,
She had *dusted*—her hair with gold,
And she all but cooked my hash for me
When she spurned my wooing bold.

III.

She could *knit* her beautiful arched brows,
In a way that was cruel to see,
(They were not the only things she could knit
For she gave a *mitten* to me!).

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

(*Gossip among friends in June.*)

You know, my dear, she's *awfully* skinny
And not at all well-bred,
Her clothes—they're simply thrown upon her,
And her hair is positively RED!

(*In July. She falls heir to a fortune.*)

Ah! she's so sinuous and slender,
And has such a patrician-like air!
She wears her gowns with careless grace,
And has gorgeous *auburn* tints in her hair!

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A closet there was on Third Floor, Main,
A rat there was also,
The girl who lived in that same room
Did hang her clothes in a P.

One day she purchased, for a sou,
A juicy little II;
She hid it behind her dress so N;
These awful girls, oh, Φ!

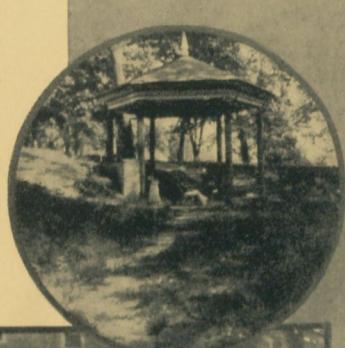
The rat, he left his little nest,
He H juicy II,
But then he heard a dreadful M
He heaved a long, deep ♀

* * * * * * *
The cat sat down in calm content,
And purred upon the mat,
But alas! my friends, 'twas the A
And Ω of the rat!

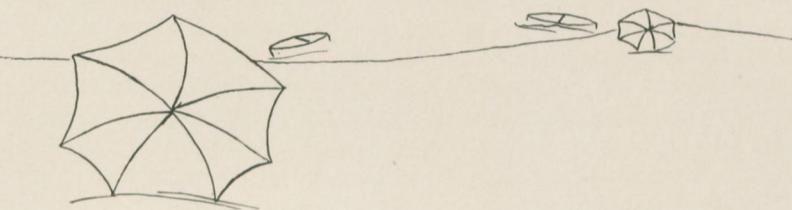
M. J. C.



INTERIOR VIEWS



EXTERIOR VIEWS



The Umbrella Girl

“UT I’m sleepy,” grumbled John, “and I want to read.”

B“But John, dear, if you’re sleepy you can’t read,” remonstrated his sister; “and besides, you can read down on the beach—it won’t be hot; you can take an umbrella, and Bobby is so crazy to get into the sand, and I’ve so much straightening and unpacking to do—please, John!”

John arose reluctantly from the comfortable hammock, jammed on his cap, which had been lying on the floor near the hammock, and picked up his book.

“All right, little woman,” he laughed good-humoredly, “scramble up the kid.”

But here the “kid” scrambled up himself, literally swarming up John and finally seated himself triumphantly on the broad shoulders.

“Hi, Bobby! You say not to let him venture into water deeper than six feet, didn’t you, sis? All right. Old man, hear that?”—this last to Bobby.

“Oh, John, *do* be careful—don’t let him get his feet wet—he’s *so* delicate—I don’t—think—I—ought to let him go. John!” she called—but John was already a good distance from the house, and at this latest call he laughed and quickened his pace almost to a run. He was soon down on the beach, and setting Bobby down to dig in the sand, he put up his umbrella and sat down.

“I didn’t know when I volunteered to join this regiment that I’d enlisted as head nurse, but—well, this isn’t so bad; anyway a fellow can rest in peace,” and with a peep at Bobby he resumed his book.

John Gwathmey had consented, after a good bit of persuasion it is true, to accompany his sister and her husband and little Bobby to Beaufort, just to help them get settled for the summer. He had made plans to visit some of his college chums, to go tramping in the mountains, to go yachting, and altogether to have a gay time, so the idea of coming to this little summer resort had been very distasteful to him, but now heat and laziness having overtaken him, John was very glad, for the time at least, that he did not have to exert himself trying to be polite and sociable—and dance! To sleep and read now seemed to be his objects in life, and at the present moment these two desires were having a fierce struggle—ending in the victory of the former, for his book slipped on to the sand and John nodded—once, and then once again, this time waking himself by its violence. He started up and looked guiltily around for Bobby, and found him safely playing; but another thing caught his eye—it was a huge white umbrella, one of those you may see any day in the country. John found himself lazily wondering what could be behind that umbrella—it was so large that it successfully concealed from view anything that might have been there—but as it was about a quarter of a mile down the beach, he was far too lazy to investigate. He called Bobby and leisurely betook themselves to the cottage.

The next and many other mornings John and Bobby went down to the beach, and every time John noticed the big white umbrella, and his curiosity kept growing until at last he decided to explore the mystery of the "land behind the umbrella."

Accordingly, one morning John started out with the intention of satisfying himself concerning it, taking for a companion, instead of the talkative Bobby, his great English mastiff, Pluto. The nearer they grew to the umbrella the more slowly John walked. If he only had the slightest idea of what lay behind this huge white fortress he would not have minded so much, but to march right up to the enemy, not knowing the nature of the danger he was to fight, was not much to his liking. If he could only be certain that it was a girl—it might even be a crabbed old maid!

While John had been walking along he had been holding in his fingers an old shell, turning it over and over, but now all of a sudden he cast it from him, and it fell almost touching the umbrella. With a dart Pluto was after it. Then John realized with a gasp what he had done. In a trice the umbrella had been tumbled over, and in another moment the flushed and laughing face of a girl came into view, and in all of his embarrassment John found himself wondering at her gracefulness and smallness. But he hastened forward,

attempting to apologize and explain his and Pluto's conduct, when she interrupted him, her eyes laughing at him the while.

"But I don't mind at all—really I don't. It's a good thing that something happened"—looking at her book and then at her watch—"or I would have been late to luncheon again, and you know how provoking that is. And—anyway, I like upsets sometimes," and she gayly began collecting her things—rug, book and umbrella.

"Surely you are going to let me help you with the things I upset, aren't you?" pleaded John eagerly.

"Why, I don't take the rug and umbrella home—they're too big for me," looking down at her petite figure. "I just put them under that rock yonder and leave them. If you wish you may take them there; but as for the other things you upset, I am not permanently injured, so far, I think!" So, laughingly, she and John took the things to the cave and deposited them. Then she turned to go, but he stopped her.

"Aren't you going to wait until I finish my apology?" he asked, then quickly, "or would you mind my coming back another day and finishing it?"

"But—" she began, when he broke in.

"You are going to say I've never met you. Why can't we introduce ourselves? Besides, on the seashore no one is expected to be so conventional. I'm at your service, ma'am. Anything you'd like to know, ma'am?" with a deep bow.

She nodded. "Lots," she said, "but I'll just let you tell me the way you want to, only first give me your credentials."

"Well," he began, "I'm John Gwathmey, 'Pennsylvania, '05'—a great good-for-nothing fellow of twenty-two, fond of reading, sleeping, eating, and boating; living with sister, at present moment, back yonder at Beaufort, and recommended by her as a capital nurse for little boys who have desires in the sand direction. Now, ma'am," dropping into a mocking dialect, "anything else you'd like to know, ma'am? Here's my papers." He finished with a deep bow.

"Yes, there's one thing more I want to know: How did your dog—Pluto, I think you called him—happen to turn over my umbrella? Is he trained to upset every umbrella on the beach—or only just mine?"

"Only just yours, ma'am. And he only did that because you so persistently kept its back to us. But"—reproachfully—"I thought you'd forgiven us for that!"

"Oh, I have," she broke in quickly, "only I just wondered—"

"If you've forgiven me, won't you tell me your name?" he begged.

"Ann Swandale. And now I am not going to give you my family history—well, because it's not necessary. 'My face is my fortune,' sir," she said, and looked down at her watch—"but I must go. It's long past time for luncheon, so good-bye," she called over her shoulder.

John, after watching her for a few moments, turned and started back to the cottage. He knew that he had cut a ridiculous figure, and had been thoroughly embarrassed, yet he had solved the mystery of "the land behind the umbrella," and had found it a fair mystery—a mystery with gray-blue eyes, the kind that are always laughing at you, abundant brown, curly hair, and a piquant, dainty little face, set upon just as dainty a form. And, too, she was such a jolly good fellow—she didn't take any advantage of another's confusion, and she had behaved like a "brick" about the upset. And John decided that Beaufort was not so bad after all, and was not nearly so dull and uninteresting as he had supposed that it would be.

For the next few days John haunted the coast, but no Ann appeared. Even her umbrella and rug were gone from the place where he and she had put them. He became cross and disagreeable, and wished after all that he had not come. Then Bobby was another source of trouble. The little fellow had taken a great fancy to John, not letting him get out of sight, until one day John rebelled, and informed his sister at the breakfast table that he was going to row out to "Devil's Isle," adding, "don't guess you'll want me to tag the kid along, eh?" and to his great delight she said she had no intention of letting Bobby go out on the water. So when he left he was followed by the dismal howls of Bobby and Pluto, both of whom were to be shut up for the day.

The row was delightful, and the exhilaration of pulling the oars made him feel as if he were a "Fresh" at "Pennsylvania," participating in his first boat-race.

When John reached the island the tide was in and the little waves dashed against the narrow strip of sandy beach and the cliffs just beyond, and a little farther down the "full tide."

John sprang to the beach and stood gazing around him. Then he put his cap firmer on his head and strode over to one of the deep inrunning caves to explore its depths.

In the meantime Ann Swandale landed her boat almost in the same place where John had come to shore, and seeing his skiff and footprints in

the sand, she decided to take the opposite direction, as she had come for a quiet day by herself. So she picked up her lunch-basket, rug, and umbrella and walked as rapidly as possible around the big cliff on the east side of the island.

About an hour later John emerged from the cave, dirty and tired but triumphant, because he had gone as far in as he had wagered Isaac, the old boatsman, he would do. He was hungry and decided he would set out for home, so he walked rapidly down to the beach where he had left his skiff. Imagine his surprise and anger when he found it gone, and looking about discovered it tossing on the waves of the retreating tide, about a quarter of a mile from the shore. He had just begun to vent his anger in language not intended for feminine ears when he was startled by a hearty laugh, and turned to find just behind him the "umbrella girl."

"We are both in the same boat—or rather boatless—arent' we? I wonder what we are to do?" she asked. "I don't guess they'll be sending out searching parties for the wanderers until night, anyway, so we are fixed for the day—don't you think so?"

"Yes, and so we had best begin by making friends—that is, after you have played fair by relating to me a little story in exchange for that great history of one John Gwathmey. So won't you begin by telling me where you and the umbrella have been keeping yourselves for the past week?"

"Well, the umbrella has been at a little cottage about a half a mile from Beaufort, and I've—well, I've been away."

"And the umbrella—now?"

"Behind the cliff yonder, together with my lunch-basket and rug."

"You know," John began, "I've seen the back of that umbrella so often that I have quite a desire to see the face of it. So with your permission—" and he started to the cliff, returning in a moment.

"If we are to be here all day, might we not make ourselves comfortable? It's so shady there, and the way the umbrella and other belongings are fixed makes it look fine, I tell you."

So the two went back to the cliff, John placing Ann under the umbrella, then sitting down beside her, and they started the process of becoming friends—and succeeded, too, for when, about noon, they heard a hail, they both arose quickly, guiltily, surprised at the passage of time. In a few moments old Isaac, the boatsman, landed, tying his boats, three of them, securely.

"I dis knowed how 'twas," began Isaac, "when I sont bofe of y'all's off ter dis i'lan', an' den when I see de boats sailin' out dere by deysefs I knowed

as how y'all wuz mighty wropt up in one nurr, caze yu der tied 'em other ways. Yo' all reckon yo' cud keep 'em now ef I tied 'em?"

"Well, Isaac," began Ann, smiling, "if *you* tie them I guess we can keep them. Now you see if we don't!"

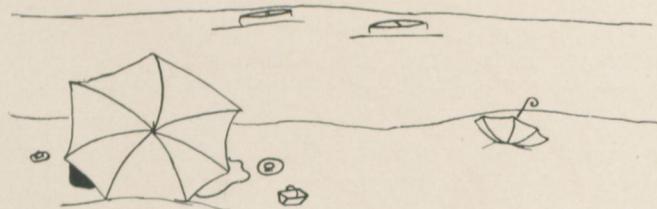
And so Isaac got back in his skiff, grinning, and trying not to show it. He stooped over and untied Ann's boat, then he looked up at her.

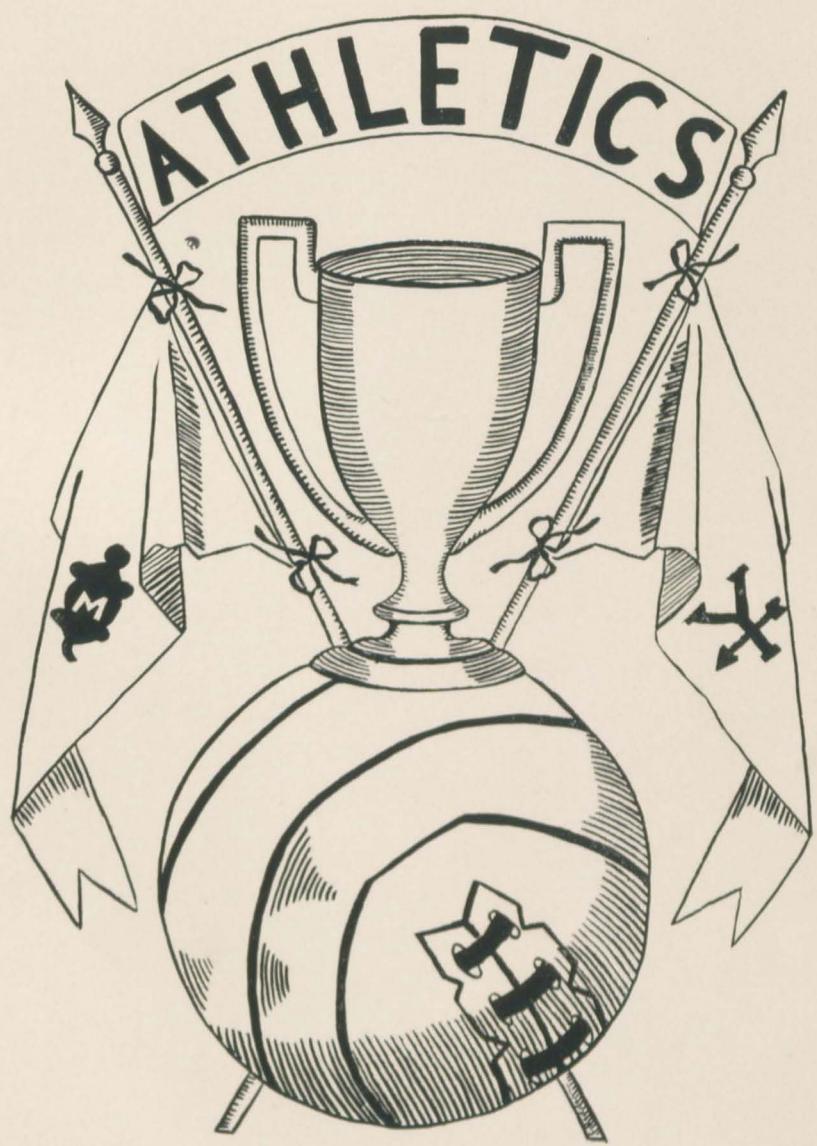
"I might jes as well take yourn home, caze if I don't Marse John 'll hev to tow hit. Yo' alls don't want but one boat."

John looked at Ann.

"No," he said slowly, "we don't need but one boat, do we Ann?"

ALICE MAXWELL.





Athletic Statistics

MARY WORTHAM *President*
ROSE SATTERFIELD *Vice-President*
LUCIE LEE JONES *Tennis Manager*
MARY WORTHAM *Golf Manager*

Executive Committee

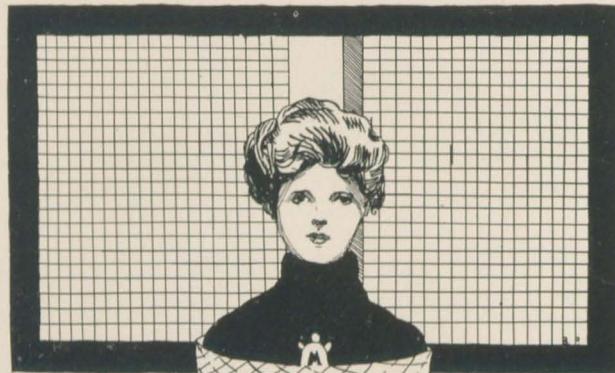
ROSAMOND THOMSON	MARY CHANDLER
MARY NOTTINGHAM	ETHEL PILCHER
EMILY WOODALL	



ATHLETIC OFFICERS
WORTHAM--SATTERFIELD



COACHES AND UMPIRE



Hi! Ki! Yi!
Zip! Zip! Zan!
Wah-hee! Wah-hoo!
Mo-hi-can.

Hokey-Pokey
Sis-boom-bah!
Rickerty-Rickerty
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Razzle-dazzle
Kitty-kit-an!
What's the matter with
Mo-hi-can.

Hulla-balloo,—hurray, hurray,
Hulla-balloo,—hurray, hurray,
Boomeray!
Boomeray!
Gold and Blue will win the day.

Che-hee—Che-haw
Che-ha-ha-ha!
Mo-hi-can
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Tutti-Frutti!
Punch and Judy—
Gold and Blue
Will do their duty.
Don't you worry,
Don't you fret,
Gold and Blue
Will get there yet.

Ray! Ray! Ray!
Blue! Blue! Blue!
Sis-sis-sis
Boom-boom-boom
Ah—h—h
Mohican! Mohican! Mohican.



MOHICAN TEAM

YEMASSEE ▶





YEMMAGE TEAM

The Umpire, That's All.

Oh, Mr. Estis was a man,
The Umpire he was called,
He kept the count upon the girls
When they played basket-ball,
But on the day the match came off,
He leant unto the Blues
And all the points he did score
Were in their favor too.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Estis, bad Mister Estis,
He never counted fouls against the Blues,
But on the Red and Black
He piled them by the stack,
And then they wept and wailed, that's all.

II
Now Mister Estis wore a smile,
It was a sight to see,
He was so happy for the Blues,
He thought the cup was free,
But when he looked back to the Reds
He heard another call,
They shouted all together,
And they shouted one and all.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Estis, bad Mister Estis,
He never counted fouls against the Blues,
But on the Red and Black
He piled them by the stack,
And then they threw a fit, that's all.

III
Now Mister Duke, he was our coach,
A handsome man was he,
His wife kept close behind his heels,
To stay where he should be,
But on the day we had the game,
He stepped out to the field,
And when he saw the Umpire's eye
He knew our doom was sealed.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Duke, grand Mister Duke,
The finest coach that ever tossed a ball,
If he had kept the score,
He'd have given us points galore
And we'd have won the game, that's all.

IV
And Mr. Turner coached the Blues,
And thought to teach them style,
They threw the ball up to the goal
And missed it half a mile.
But towards the end he whispered low,
"Come girls get down to biz,
The Reds are playing such fine ball
I'm 'fraid we'll make a fiz."

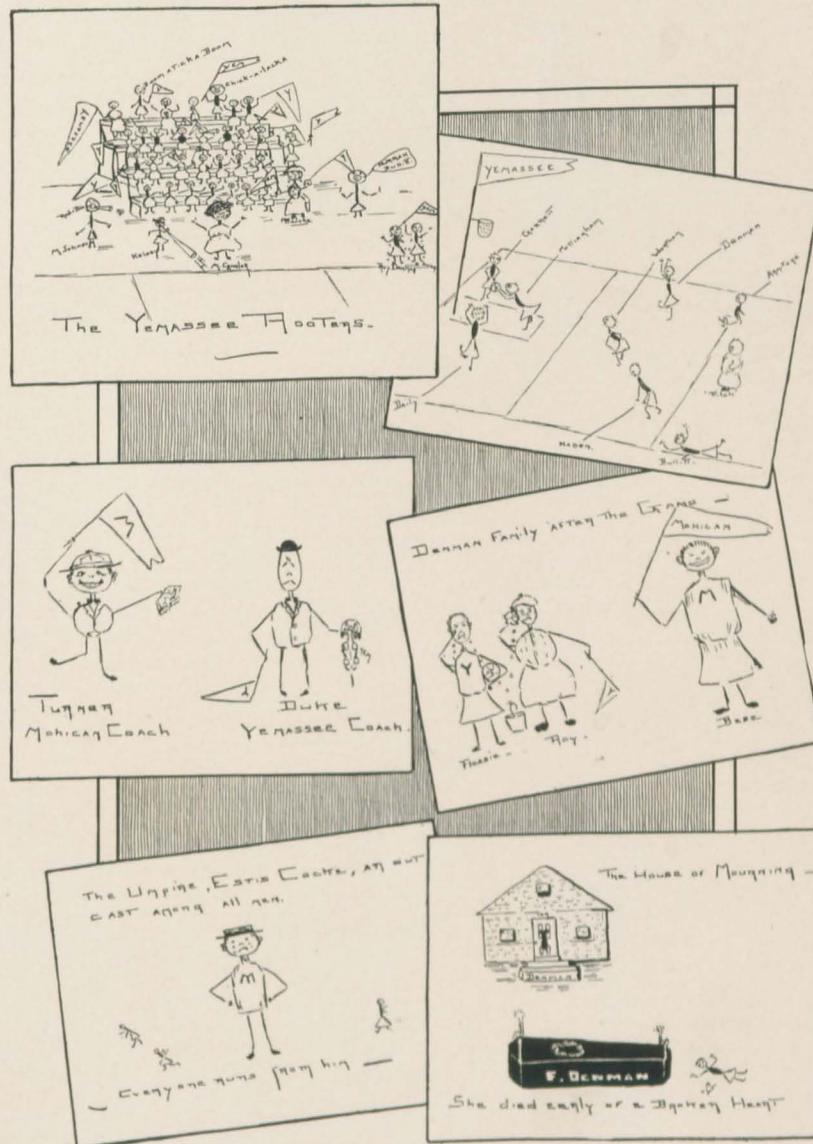
CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Turner, smart Mr. Turner,
Down through the Umpire's throat he found
his heart,
But since the game is o'er
The poor Umpire eats no more,
And Turner holds the cup, that's all.

V
And Mistress Turner is his wife,
A lass of fine degree,
And thinks her Joe's the finest man
That ever you did see;
But when it came to basket-ball
She scolded down and up,
"Now Joe be sure to win that game
For we must have the cup."

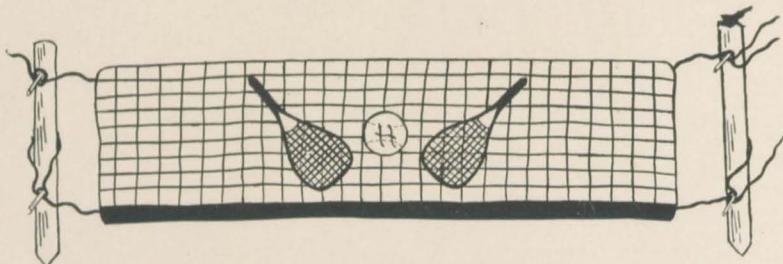
CHORUS:
Oh Mistress Mary, and Mistress Rosa,
The finest wives for coaches of the ball,
If it had not been for you
We would ne'er have gotten through,
And now we thank you both, that's all.

VI
And thus you see, we've had our fun,
I hope you'll pray excuse,
For we do think our Umpire is
The fairest we could choose.
We know also we made some fouls
Which he did not observe,
And all the points that he gave
Was what each side deserved.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Estis, pray do forgive us,
You are the one to umpire us at ball
At first we felt right sad,
But now our hearts are glad
And for Hollins rah! rah! rah! that's all.

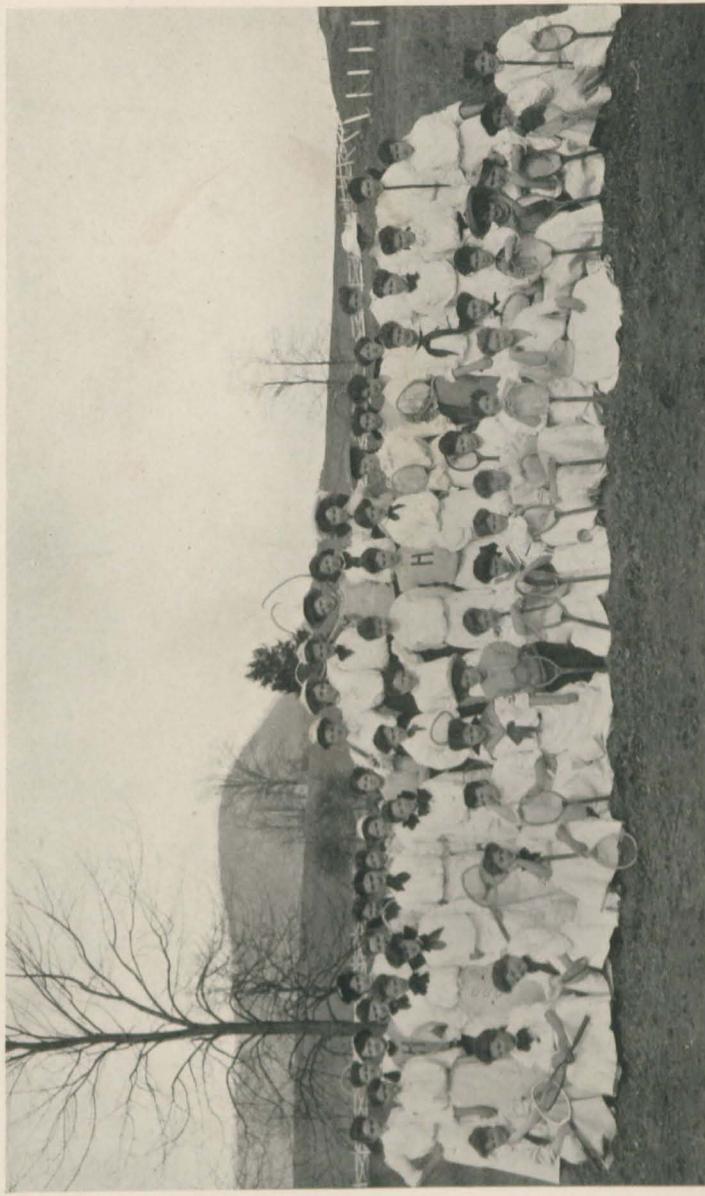


SNAPSHOTS FROM THE GAME



Tennis Club

LUCIE LEE JONES, <i>Manager</i>	M. E. COCKE, <i>Coach</i>
REBECCA PHILLIPS	LUCY LEE JONES
KATE STEINER	MADILEINE DUB
MYRTLE MORLEY	MARY LOU KEARFOOT
AYLETTE HENRY	ANITA COCKE
ETHEL SAVORY	LUCILLE LOYD
MABELLE CALDWELL	SULLY HAYWARD
VIRGINIA MEANS	ROSE HAYWARD
DAISY JONES	BLANCHE HILLS
LUCILE WOODRUFF	LULU VIRDEN
LALLIE LEE CARPENTER	MAY KENDRICK
ANNIS CLARK	LOUISE CLARKE
LAURA ARMITAGE	MARY FARISH
HETHIE FITZPATRICK	FLORENCE LOCKHART
MINNIE BELLE GRANT	NELL VOSS
SUSAN BRONSTON	ETHEL THOMAS
MARY WILLIAMS	LAURA WALKER
LILY WEST	MARIE GEDGE
EMILY WOODALL	ARTIE RIPPY
ANTOINETTE SLEMONS	MARGARET BAGBY
MAUD GIRDLER	VIOLA FOWLER
JOSEPHINE HADEN	NELL MORRIS
ROSE SATTERFIELD	



TENNIS CLUB

GOLF CLUB

MARY WORTHAM, *Manager*

BEBE DENMAN

MARY WORTHAM

KATE STEINER

ANNA PARSONS

JULIA RICHARDSON

SUSIE BOWIE

FRANCES STEINER

ANNIS CLARK

LALLIE LEE CARPENTER

CLAUDIA WOOD

LOUISE CLARKE

ELISE MILES

FRANCES LIGON

SULLY HAYWARD

JULIETTE DAUGHERTY

ELIZABETH HEADLEY

AYLETTE HENRY

PAULINE PURCELL

FLORENCE LOCKHART

ROSE SATTERFIELD

NELL VOSS

LAURA WALKER

NANNIE DAVIS

MARGARET MCKEE

ROSAMOND THOMSON

EVELINE SHIREY

LUCILLE LOYD

MABEL VOSS

MARY WILLIAMS



GOLF CLUB

DICTIONARY



REVISED VERSION

A **ART**—Occupation of maidens who come to college for their health.
ALL'S WELL?—Eternal question.

B **BALLROOM**—See Gym.
BULLETIN-BOARD—A waste-basket of dead hopes for lost articles.
BUS—A modern form of Charon's boat.
BUSINESS MANAGER—One having a Stone for a heart and taking ways with would-not-be advertisers.
BUTT-IN—A necessary evil to keep life from being too cloying in sweetness.

C **CANNON-BALL PILLS**—Dr. Drake's ammunition delivered with sure and speedy aim; warranted to kill painlessly.
CONSCIENCE—Fear of being squelched.
CUSTOM—Habit expatiated upon after the singing of "Doxology."

D **DARLINGS**—A peculiar race; inhabiting dark corners; in pairs; obnoxious; opprobrious.
DESERT A LA HOLLINS—Even Noah Webster himself would not have had the courage to tackle this definition.
DINING-ROOM DOOR—A magnet for loafers.

E **EDITOR**—A peculiar animal constantly chasing ideas; not long-lived in this climate.
ENTERTAINMENT—A fool and her money are soon parted.
EXACTLY—A word of foreign use in no danger of becoming Anglicized through too frequent use.
EXERCISE—From ex, out ire, to go—to go out on disagreeable, unnecessary promenades for one's constitution.

EXPLANATION—A word of uncertain Egyptian origin; the obscuring of passages, otherwise clear.

F FINANCIER—Sometimes confused with *fiancée* at Hollins.

FRATERNITY—A collection of arrogant mortals occupying reserved seats.

FUDGE (CHOCOLATE)—A concoction of Sunday afternoon chefs. Ingredients: $3(H_2O) + (C_6H_{10}O_5)$. Chocolate used by bloated bondholders, but not necessary.

FUNGI—

For fungi frats like mushrooms spring—
They buy their pins; they entertain.
When springtime comes, the SPINSTER's out;
When next year's here, they're gone again.

G GOLDEN REPORTS—Nuggets obtained by hard digging.

GYM.—See ballroom.

H HOME—A far-away place; distance measured in days.

Examples: "Only 16 1-2 minutes before I see my dear mother." (Memoirs of J. Susong.) "I wonder how long it will be!" (Reveries of A. Ripy.) "Oh! I'm a cursed girl!" (Complaint of S. Bowie.)

I INFIRMARY—Elysian Fields opened Tuesday for Monday loafers.

J JOKE—An endless, pointless object, wrought by some of our contemporaries; antedated form of humor.

K KISS—See advertisement in *Comic Supplement* concerning Katherine, Korell & Co.

L LEND—Synonym for Goneforever, Seenomore.

M MAIL—Like *male*, a rare article.

N NEWS—See A. Clarke; L. L. Carpenter.

O OPULENCE—We can give no better illustrations than the following:

- A. Henry.
- B. Witt.
- R. Denman.
- C. Woods.
- B. Porter.
- E. Pilcher.

P PARALLEL—An euphonious term for the Inquisition of Modern days.

PETER'S—Chocolate manufactured in Switzerland for exclusive use by Hollins girls.

PHYSIOLOGY—A Pitfall for this year's Golden Reports.

P. G.—Insert letter *i* and see what you are called if you ask for one. (Parting Gift.)

POINT—An elusive, delusive will-o'-the-wisp.

PRIVILEGES (for Seniors). A mere bauble.

POPULARITY—*Recipe*:

Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble;
Gush, gush!
Lie, don't blush!

R RADIIUM—Weird article invented by G. W. Drake, Hollins.

RAINCOAT—An article of clothing used to lend to one's friends.

RUSHING—See *Frats*.

S SILENCE—Condition of affairs only attained by complete annihilation.

SLAM
SQUELCH} Botanical terms applied to "nipping in the bud."

STORE—Haunt of impecunious young persons.

T **THANKSGIVING GAME**—An annual burying of the hatchet.

TRADELAST—“To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

TRIANGLE—An iron instrument for curing insomnia.

TURKEY—Rara avis with the characteristic appendages of a cent tipede; scantily dressed; appearing once a year in the banqueroom.

U **UNKIND**—See Opulence.

V **VENTILATION**—Regulation of temperature to a point calculated to freeze those in class.

W Written recitation. See ventilation.

“Non-preparation;
Written Recitation;
Great Agitation;
Complete Extermination;
Zero calculation.”

X) Frankly, we are stumped.

Y) Anyway, a Hollins Alphabet only contains twenty-three letters.

An Apology for Darlings

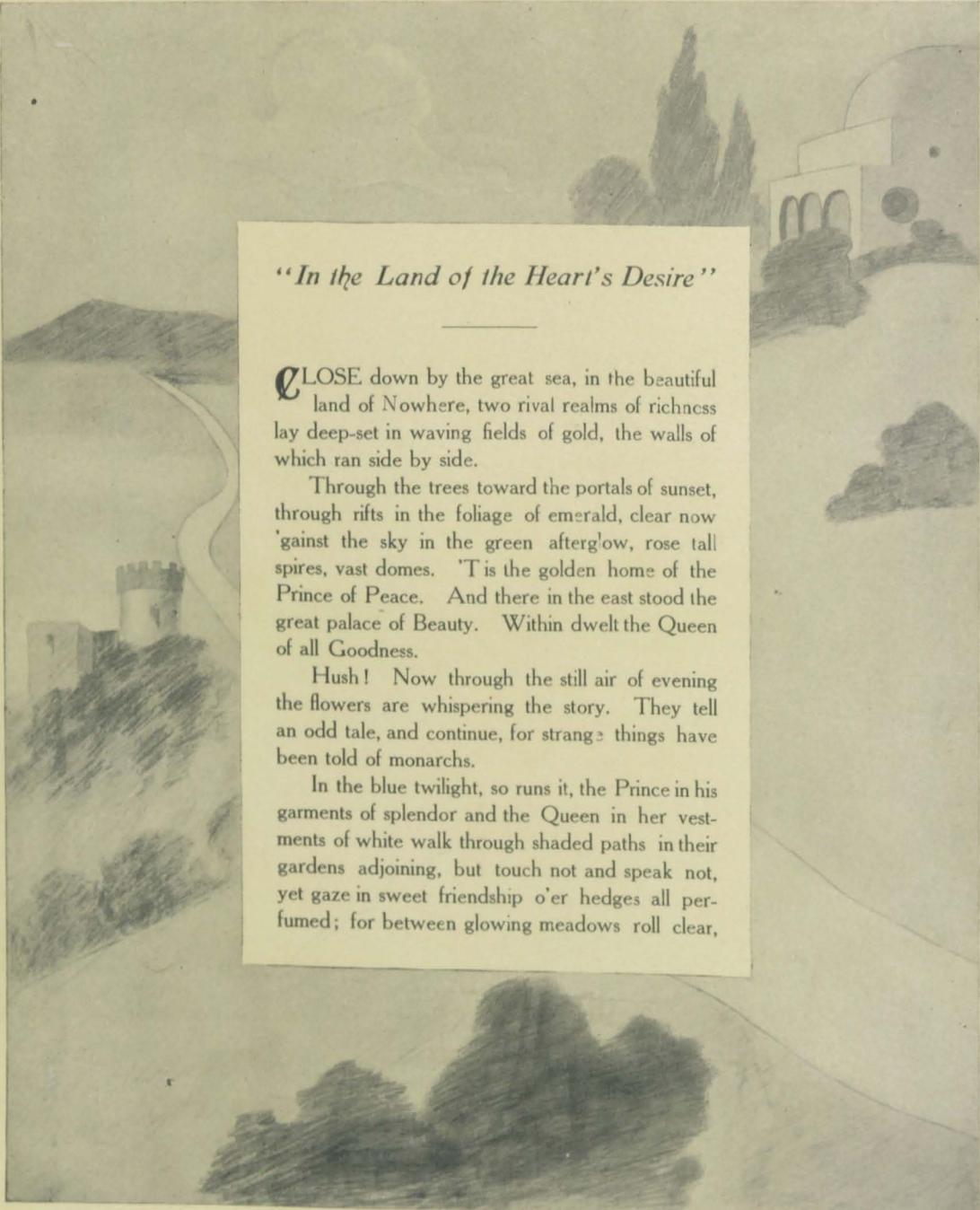
While the warm blood bedews my veins
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of some girl's remarks
Shall in my sensitive soul remain;
And spite of my insulting foe
My parodizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, fellow sufferers, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.

We did but wish an August moon
To shine upon our little spoon;
We thought perchance a kiss to share
To tell each other how much we “care;”
But other eyes were there to watch,
Other ears our tale to catch,
So mourn, fellow-sufferers, mourn,
Our banished peace, o ir laurels torn !

There's but a bond of love between
Two girls who have each other seen,
And told this love
Neath stars above
To prove their long and lingering walks,
And long and moony, spoony talks.
So mourn, fellow-sufferers, mourn,
Our vanished peace, our laurels torn !

To you who love not clear pale moons,
And short and sweet ecstatic spoons,
And ne'er have long and ling'ringly kissed,
You have no idea how much you 've missed.
And I think to you I 've made it clear
We stand to back our points here
And mourn, fellow-sufferer-, mourn,
Our banished peace, our laurels torn.

—BRENT WITT.



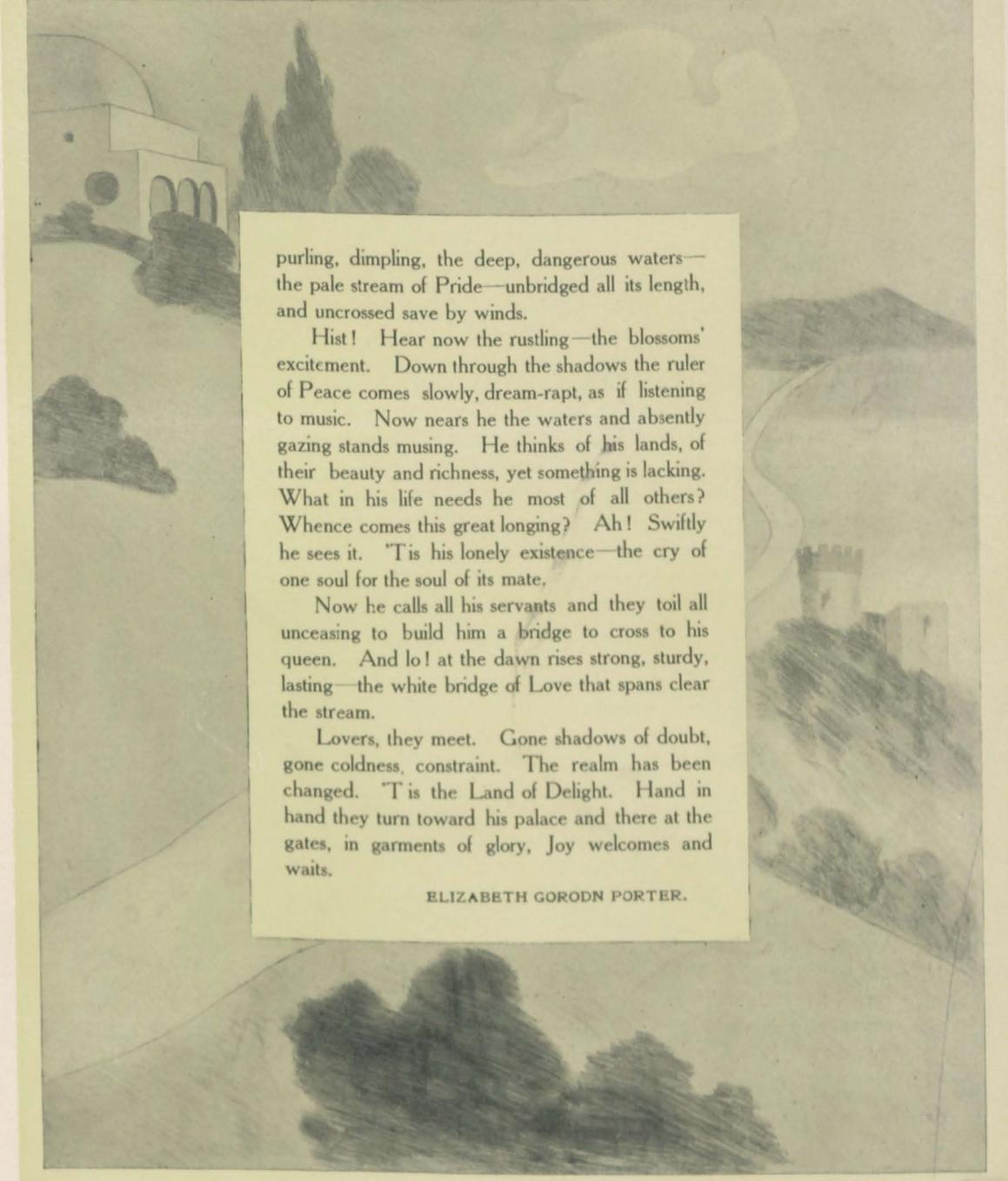
"In the Land of the Heart's Desire"

CLOSE down by the great sea, in the beautiful land of Nowhere, two rival realms of richness lay deep-set in waving fields of gold, the walls of which ran side by side.

Through the trees toward the portals of sunset, through rifts in the foliage of emerald, clear now 'gainst the sky in the green afterglow, rose tall spires, vast domes. 'T is the golden home of the Prince of Peace. And there in the east stood the great palace of Beauty. Within dwelt the Queen of all Goodness.

Hush! Now through the still air of evening the flowers are whispering the story. They tell an odd tale, and continue, for strange things have been told of monarchs.

In the blue twilight, so runs it, the Prince in his garments of splendor and the Queen in her vestments of white walk through shaded paths in their gardens adjoining, but touch not and speak not, yet gaze in sweet friendship o'er hedges all perfumed; for between glowing meadows roll clear,



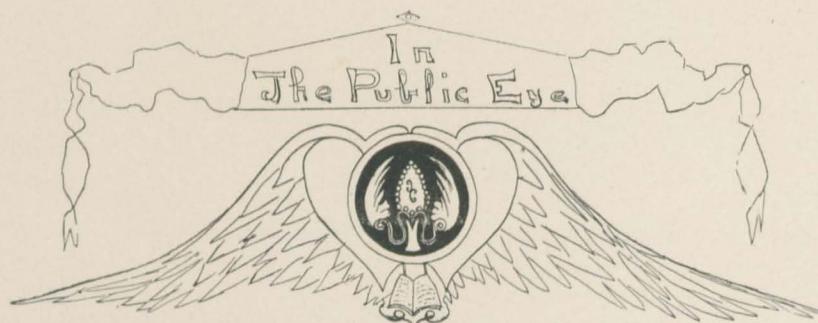
purling, dimpling, the deep, dangerous waters—the pale stream of Pride—unbridged all its length, and uncrossed save by winds.

Hist! Hear now the rustling—the blossoms' excitement. Down through the shadows the ruler of Peace comes slowly, dream-rapt, as if listening to music. Now nears he the waters and absently gazing stands musing. He thinks of his lands, of their beauty and richness, yet something is lacking. What in his life needs he most of all others? Whence comes this great longing? Ah! Swiftly he sees it. 'Tis his lonely existence—the cry of one soul for the soul of its mate,

Now he calls all his servants and they toil all unceasing to build him a bridge to cross to his queen. And lo! at the dawn rises strong, sturdy, lasting—the white bridge of Love that spans clear the stream.

Lovers, they meet. Gone shadows of doubt, gone coldness, constraint. The realm has been changed. 'T is the Land of Delight. Hand in hand they turn toward his palace and there at the gates, in garments of glory, Joy welcomes and waits.

ELIZABETH GORODN PORTER.



SARA gave a startled little gasp as she glanced up from her Physical Geography. "Number six. What can be the matter?" she thought as she anxiously felt to see if her frock was buttoned straight and glanced surreptitiously to see if there were any letters in the post-office. No, everything was all right. Then, with an embarrassed pink on her cheeks, she straightened up rigidly and again fixed her eyes upon her book.

Sara was one of the "small-fry," as the High School termed its Freshmen, and was, in fact, less experienced in the ways of faculty and boys than the other girls of her class, for this was the first time she had ever been to school, or even within speaking distance of that objectionable article of humanity—a boy. Her mother had her own views on the subject of education and especially co-education, so Sara had had a governess and had rarely seen a boy. But, one eventful day in the Mackey family, Sara's father, a busy man of affairs, decreed that his daughter should forthwith be despatched to a public school—he didn't intend having his only daughter spoiled and stuck-up—let her go to school and rough it with the other children.

So, in spite of Mrs. Mackey's prayers and tearful expostulations, Sara started out one bright day in September to the High School, amid parting injunctions from mother and Aunt Cora, *not* to talk to the butcher's son and *not* to eat lunch with the laundress's daughter. She was a little lonesome those first few days. Every one seemed to know every one else and she knew no one. True, it was nice to be in the Freshman Class when she was only thirteen and all the other girls were sixteen and seventeen, but then they called her "Baby" and the boys all stared at her in the most unaccountable manner—this time she counted six in one hour. Most of the boys looked away quickly when she glanced up, but Pat McLellan, who was a High

Intermediate (which is *almost* as good as a Senior), and who, moreover, belonged to the High and Mighty Order of the Chow-Chows, met her eyes squarely every time and grinned in the most engaging manner.

Sara liked him and smiled back when he went past her seat, and even went over to the Reference Table once and talked to him when he begged her to.

On this particular day Sara found her chum Lillian awaiting her in a state of the greatest excitement: "Oh, Sara," she whispered, "I just love you to death. Every boy in school is simply crazy about you. Ted told me so, and—and—all the girls are *so* mad." All during recess the two walked up and down beneath the trees, arm-in-arm, discussing—boys—a subject entirely new to Sara and one which she found sadly detrimental to her studies for, after a futile attempt to concentrate her mind, she missed her Rhetoric completely. Yet she went home that afternoon jubilant, for Pat walked as far as the drug store with her and bought a big box of "Flips," a favorite confection among the High School students.

From that time on, Sara developed an alarming propensity for flirting; not a single boy in the whole Assembly Hall was proof against her smiles. At first she was nicest of all to Pat; but Pat had a fierce attack of the green-eyed monster, and a quarrel ensued leaving him "stranded on the sands of her displeasure," as he expressed it in "An ode to 'My Lost Love.'

One day the school was thrown into a state of the wildest excitement by the announcement by flaming posters, of a coming presentation of a "Burlesque on Julius Cæsar" by the Chow-Chows. Now the "Chow-Chows" was a mysterious and most select organization of the most prominent boys in school, and was highly popular with the girls—a pin being a coveted object. At recess that day, Sara found on her desk a big square envelope, announcing that at the show she was invited to sit in the Chow-Chow "box." Now there were only nine more envelopes of this sort and their proud possessors were in a state of the most unalloyed bliss.

On the morning of the eventful day, Sara did not come to breakfast. Repeated messages failed to elicit any response, save that she wasn't hungry and had gotten up too late to come down. As the last footsteps died away Sara crept softly into her mother's room. She wanted to dress carefully this morning and mother's cheval glass was just the thing—hers was too small, and she wanted to outshine all the other girls in the box.

When she had at last put on a new lawn dress, dainty with flounces and lace, and crowning glory of all, a blue Dolly Varden sash, the long mirror

reflected a charming picture. She was rather tall for her age, with a slender, graceful figure. Her face was flushed and her eyes shining with excitement. "It doesn't matter if I do wear this thin dress," she thought; "it's awfully hot, even if it is the first of November." Nevertheless she slipped noiselessly out the front door to the carriage that her mother might not see her.

At school she was greeted with admiration and a great deal of envy by the girls. All day she reigned supreme queen of the school, and her head was more completely turned than ever. But alas, about twelve o'clock the room grew dark, the wind began to blow furiously, the thermometer fell steadily and the rain poured in torrents.

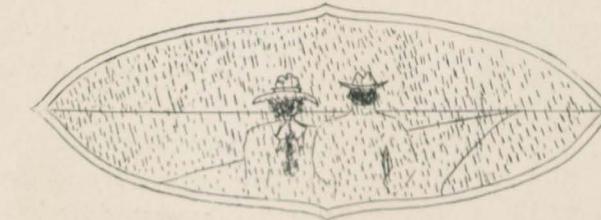
"It's the biggest norther we've had in five years," said Dr. Pessels, as he closed the doors and made all the windows fast. Poor Sara, in her thin dress, was a most forlorn and lost-looking object. Every one pitied her and tried to comfort her, but the crowning humiliation was reached when Miss Schofield, in the presence of the whole school, amid the giggles of her rivals, commanded her to borrow a coat. There was only one available coat to be had, and this belonged to the "tackiest" girl in school, as Sara herself had once called her. It was a most hideous thing—old-fashioned, frayed-out, with huge plaids. The sleeves, great shapeless bags, extended but a little below her elbows, and the ridiculously short waist reached high above her belt. In this variegated garment, Sara was a most ludicrous spectacle. But nobly endeavoring to conceal her tears, took her seat amidst the unrestrained giggles of the class. For one solid hour she bore her mental anguish with a stolidity worthy of an Indian chief. But the final drop in the cup of anguish was added when, in Classics, Miss Rait called on Gladys Woods, requesting her to read her favorite passage from the author of the day. Now Gladys had been dethroned from her position as the most popular girl in class by the advent of Sara, and naturally harbored a little enmity towards her; and, as an ironic fate decreed, the author of the day was Washington Irving. Gladys rose, walked slowly down the aisle, faced the class impressively and, with an expression of the most angelic innocence, read a description of Ichabod Crane. In a flash the eyes of the entire class turned to Sara's outlandish costume. The likeness was so striking that even her most ardent admirers burst into unrestrained laughter. Sara turned red, then white with anger; then, as the humiliation of the thing overcame her, burst into tears. It seemed ages until the four o'clock bell rang and she was free to go. Every one else crowded into the gaily-decorated Assembly laughing and talking merrily, and through a crack in the cloak-room door she could see Gladys

in the place of honor in the Chow-Chow box. With a feeling of desperation, she tore off the offending garment, pitched it into the furthest corner of the room, pulled her cap over her eyes and started home.

"I—I don't c—care if I *do* get pneumonia," she sobbed to herself. As she went out of the gate she could hear the band up-stairs just beginning to play, "In the Good Old Summer Time." She stopped to listen, then, with her head bent low, she was hurrying through the driving rain when she suddenly felt her books taken from her. Glancing up she saw Pat, looking as unconcerned as if it were an every-day occurrence.

"Here," he said gently, putting his overcoat on her, "you'll need this." Then shouldering her books, he walked merrily along, not seeming to notice her wet lashes.

FLOSSIE F. DENMAN.





A Winter Sunset

Slow sets the winter sun, 'mid gold-shot rays,
Which pierce the shadows cold of snow-clad hills
And set aglow the gleaming shocks of corn
Left lonely in the barren winter fields.

Below the hill, where trees together crowd
In trembling ranks before the searching cold,
The creek, half-frozen over, winds its way,
Now gleaming with the west's reflected glow,
Now rippling with a shiver o'er cold stones
To dash beneath the jewel-gleaming ice.
The tawny grass leans to the frozen earth
In vain for warmth; and with their short, shrill
calls

The snowbirds flit like shadows o'er the snow
To where some bronze-tipped cedar with thick
growth,
Holds forth its arms, a shelter from the cold.
The sun has gone; but still beyond the tops
Of mountains blue, the west with crimson stained
Flares through the line of trees upon the hill
Beyond the creek. The birds are still, and see,
Above in depths of deep-blue sky, one star
Shines forth,—the herald of the night.

—Emma Mertins Thom.

*It's fun sure
When the hills are
And we coast
At a break-neck
While exams they
For it's fun sure
enough at Hollins
white with the snow,
and skate
rate
come and go.
enough at Hollins.*





*It's wondrous fair—is Hollins,
When the first anemone's found,
And violets blow
In the very snow,
And we scour the woods around
For only a twig,
Or a wee little sprig
Of arbutus, a-trailing the ground.
Yes, it's wondrous fair—is Hollins.*



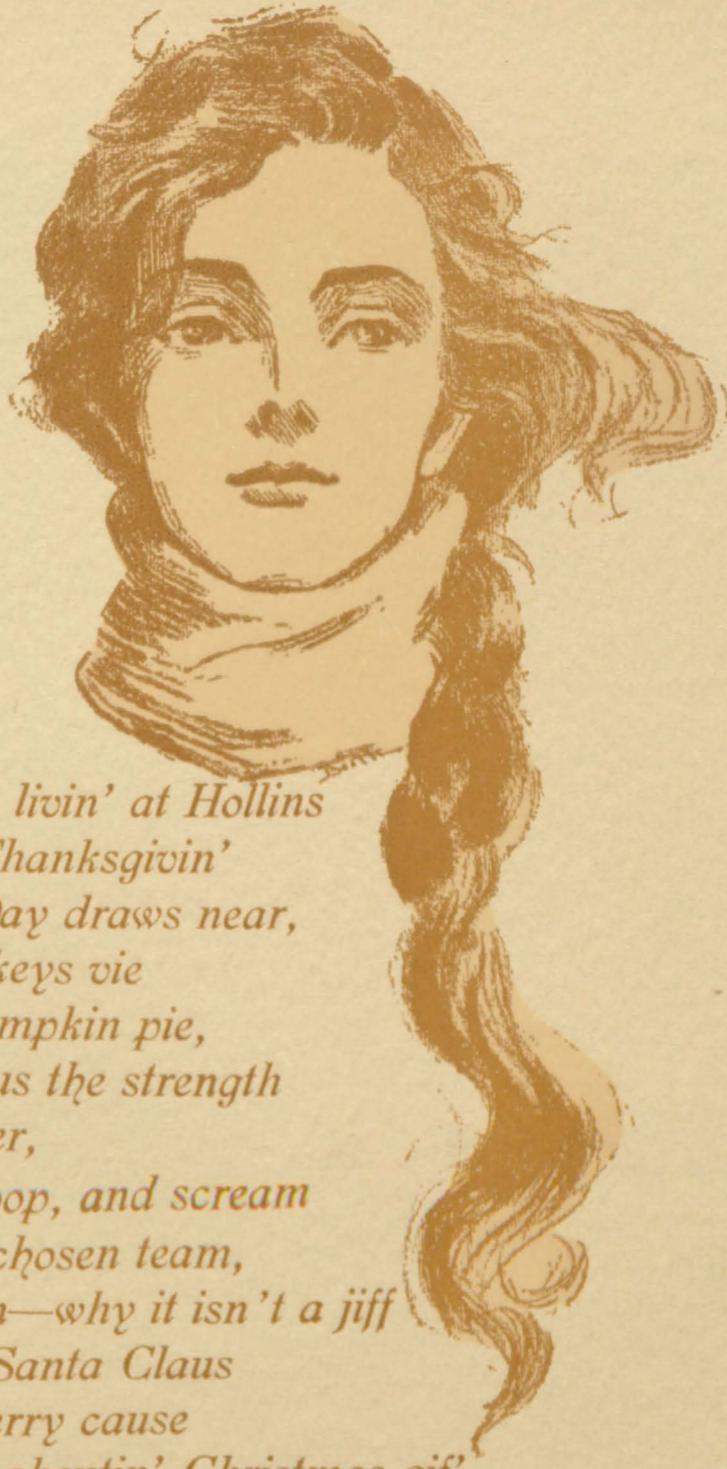
*A green fairy-land is Hollins,
When we crown us a fair May Queen,
And Freyas play
The whole May-Day,
And then—with time between
For many a cram
For a tough exam—
At last comes Commencement Day,
And 'busses galore
Roll up to the door,
And carry us all away.
Yes,
A green fairy-land is Hollins.*



*A Valley of peace is
Hollins
When the summer
months are come,
With the lazy breeze
In the maple trees,
And the honey-bees'
drowsy hum;
And there's never a shout on the ball-field,
And never a din on the stairs,
And never a romp in the ball-room,
And only peace reigns there.*



*It's worth
When the
And fresh-
With grin
"Always do as they are told;"
While livin' at Hollins,
maples are red and gold,
ies green,
serene,
When we march away
On Tinker Day,
Rolicking Mountaineers;
When things are seen
Of a Hallowe'en
That would bring good folks to tears.
Yes, it's worth while livin' at Hollins.*



*It's jolly livin' at Hollins
When Thanksgivin'
Day draws near,
And turkeys vie
With pumpkin pie,
To give us the strength
to cheer,
And whoop, and scream
For our chosen team,
And then—why it isn't a jiff
Till old Santa Claus
Is the merry cause
Of us all shoutin' Christmas gif'.
Yes, it's jolly livin' at Hollins.*



The House on the Moor

I WAS so tired of it all—tired of thinking it out—of Colstone's endless persuasions—tired—tired—tired. I might just as well give in now as ever and marry him. Wouldn't I make him a good wife! The thought was ludicrous, and yet—he was very good to me; he certainly was devoted in every sense of the word; and then there was that reason that I ought to marry—I *must*, it was only right; and there was no one else—I don't think I cared for any one else. One can't count the little "affaires du cœur" of long, long ago. Dear me! *how* long ago, there was—that boy, for instance—he was *such* a boy! I remembered his laughter more than anything else, and his smiling eyes. Ah, well, *this* man, Colstone, I *would* marry him, if just to silence all the people who were trying to drive me into it—always urging, pressing, threatening almost. I might lead him a dog's life, but that wasn't my fault—now was it? Or perhaps it was?

My brain was so wearied with constant dragging over these thoughts that I threw my head back impatiently, flung out my arms, and resolved I would take a long tramp on the moor. To let myself drink in some joy from watching the great vultures dip below the clouds, and the hills grow rosy with the setting sun.

When I felt the wind across the flat-lands blow its moisture into my hot face I felt better. I wanted to get out of the tall grass where it was short and stubby, and the hills were farther away, and there was nothing to interfere with my feeling alone, absolutely alone, with earth and sky and air.

The clouds were gathering in the west, and the rays of the sun spread themselves longer and longer over the bracken, and still I walked, or sometimes lay flat down on my back and watched the great grey-blue dome of Heaven.

I never knew how long I stayed, but the birds' evening song was still and it was getting quite dark when I thought about going home. I had not thought about going home at all.

Now out on the moor it grows dark quickly, and if you have gone far it is not always easy to tell which way to turn, for all around you, for miles and miles, stretching out like the boundless ocean, is the rolling, lonely moor—no houses, no brooks, few trees—nothing but grey earth and greyer sky.

Suddenly I grew frightened. I felt as if I must run—run as fast as I could—anywhere, only to get back to the world again. And so I ran. And still it grew darker, and still the clouds gathered, and it seemed as if there were nobody on earth but me.

It grew so black I couldn't see, and my feet stumbled over boulders—and then before I knew it I had fallen into a ditch, and something was hurting my ankle terribly.

It pained so it seemed as if I must faint from the agony of it, and I dropped my head into my hands and groaned out loud.

I don't know what length of time passed away, but as quickly as it came the pain in my ankle begun to go away. I stood up, and found that I could walk. The storm-clouds had grown thinner in the meantime and, at no very great distance from me, I saw, in great relief and astonishment, a house. How strange that I should never have known that there was a house here before!

But I took little time to wonder, and advanced quickly towards it. The yard was full of flowers, growing in great profusion, and a strange, sweet odor floated up to me from a clump of pale pink blossoms growing in a corner of the tumble-down fence.

The door was wide open, and as no one answered to my call or knock, I walked in. Big pine logs were burning in the open fire-place in the hall, and dimly-lit lamps shed a curiously soft ruddiness over the stately furniture that I saw there. There seemed to be nobody anywhere about, and opening the first door I came to, with some exertion I pushed it back, and entered.

The room was beautiful. The walls were panelled up to the ceiling, and heavy draperies only half hid the French windows leading out on to a broad veranda, from whence I gained a new view of the moor that before I had never dreamed of. Tall waving grasses and nodding flowers made it a fairy meadow, with the silvery magic moonlight streaming across it.

I had been standing silent at the window for some moments when I noticed that the grasses waved and parted and that somebody was coming

toward me. It was a young girl, with her arms full of blossoms, clad in a simple white dress, the moonlight spreading a weird radiance over her hair, and the pink blossoms that nestled in it. As she came nearer I saw that her eyes held the innocent gaze of a child, though her whole appearance seemed eerie-like and unreal. While I waited for her to catch sight of me, some strange, unseen power seemed to hold me, some faint premonition of an intangible presence I could not understand.

The child stepped through the open window, and seemingly nowise startled at my appearance, with a shy courtesy, bade me sit down.

"I hurt my ankle on the moor," I hastened to explain, "and lost my way, and was so very glad and relieved to find this shelter that I tossed all manners to the winds, and crept in here like a thief in the night."

"Oh, I am so very, very glad you did. I have been gathering twilight roses out in the meadow. See! are they not precious sweet? And I always leave every door open, so that if, by any chance, a wanderer should come, he should not find the doors of my dwelling turned against him. I think it's like shutting all the doors of one's heart, don't you? This house is my heart and holds room for all."

How romantically, how sweetly natural and childish she was! She reminded me of myself when the boy and I used to tell each other our romantic dreams, while we drove old Bess through country lanes, or looked up at the sky from the boat on the river.

"But your ankle—we must do something for that. And you must be tired—I will go to order some tea for you."

So she refreshed me with tea and cakes of her own making, and put a cushion for my foot before the open fire. And afterwards, while I rested, she arranged the beautiful twilight roses, as she called them, in tall rose-colored vases (strange, unusual blossoms—they looked far more like pink dawn flowers than those born of the twilight hour!) and talked to me as she worked. With open friendliness she told me that she lived here only waiting for her lover to come back—that every day she looked for him. "When he comes there will be no more living in dreams," she said, "only the happiest dreamland come true."

Strange, I had thought she was too young to be facing realities like that. "Why child," I said, "you don't know whether you love this boy or not, it's so long since you've seen him. Wait, and live in the world a while. Why shouldn't you have the fun of gaiety and suitors like other girls not half as pretty as you?"

She paused in her arranging of the roses and looked at me in half-surprise: "But I love the boy, and he loves me. I don't think there is any more to wish for except to try to give out a little of the happiness we draw in so fully, don't you? Surely, if one ever really and truly loved, she could never live *solely* for any other man, could she?"

I smiled in worldly amusement, to think how sure she thought she was. I wondered if I had ever loved like that. Then something in the innocent blue eyes arrested me. It almost seemed as if I had heard her speak before.

Puzzled, I turned to question her, but as I did so the portieres of the door before me were brushed aside and a woman stood in the opening. She was dressed all in black and there was a red stain on her hand.

Without speaking to the girl, she came straight up to me. The pale face and bitter mouth betrayed the woman of sorrows, and sin, too. "Ah, you must have come from far," she began quickly, "I am glad you are here, for I have something to show you."

I was plainly frightened at the woman's manner, and believed her crazy at first. The girl was still arranging her roses, nor looked around at the sound of voices.

"I wanted to tell you—to explain it to you" (surely the woman was stark mad!) ; "just come with me a moment. You see I couldn't bear it any longer—living with him. I was driven into marrying him—I never dreamed it would be as it has been. It has driven me wild—driven me *wild*, I tell you—you can believe me or not."

It was useless to try to stop her. She had hold of my arm now, and was drawing me towards the door. Fear seized my whole body, but interrupt her I dared not. What was it in her face that frightened me so? Wasn't it more than the wildness, the misery, the crazed eyes? I looked down at the hand that clutched my sleeve. I knew it was stained with blood.

"What do you want with me?" I managed to blurt out.

But she paid no attention, only clutched my arm the tighter.

"You don't know—you can't understand," she was saying loudly. "I've killed him, yes, I've killed him—that's his blood, and you must see him where he's lying—come. See! here is this that I've worn about my neck these many years—look at it! look at it! his picture—yes—and you know it too!"

Terrorized, I looked—and what I saw seemed to daze me. It was the picture of the man I was going to marry.

And then I screamed and flung it on the floor. "Who are you? Oh,

who are you?" I shrieked. "What are you doing with that picture? Why—you are like me—like me, grown old. Oh! you *are* me—and you—" I turned to the child, who now came running up. "Why, who are you? You're like me too. You're both me. You, child, what I used to be, and *you*, oh, good God—you're what I might—No! I will not have it so!" I screamed at the top of my voice in terror and horror. Then I wrenched myself free of the woman, and seizing the child's hand, I sprang across the room and through the open door.

We flew out into the moonlit meadow, seeming to feel the woman following close behind us. But once, and once only, I looked back. The house was all in darkness, save a ruddy glare that came from out the French window. The woman stood in the opening, one arm uplifted, her black dress silhouetted against the lurid red of the light behind her, and the red stain ran along her white arm.

I glanced no more around, but closed my hand tighter over that of the child, and we ran as I had never run before. When I thought of fainting because of the pain in my ankle and the terror pursuing me, I only struggled to go faster, till at last, utterly exhausted, we both fell to the ground.

* * * * *

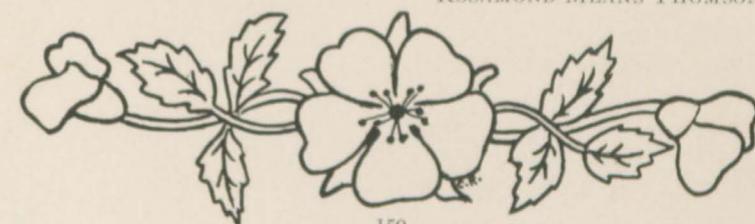
And I looked up after a little, and behold, I was lying where I had fallen first. The rosy dawn was touching the clouded east with the faintest tinge of light, and I felt stiff and cold as if I had lain there all night. The child was nowhere to be seen.

"It was *not* a dream," I said to myself, "I saw it all. It is only too real now, and yet, it is too strange, of course, too wild a thought to be true. Oh, of course I dreamed it, after all."

I arose slowly. There on the ground beside me lay two still faintly fragrant twilight roses. There they were, like spirit messengers, their petals crushed and scattered on the grass. And while I stooped to pick them up, some one came up behind me. Turning quickly, I stood face to face, in the misty light of early morning, with a tall man with smiling eyes.

It was the Boy.

ROSAMOND MEANS THOMSON.



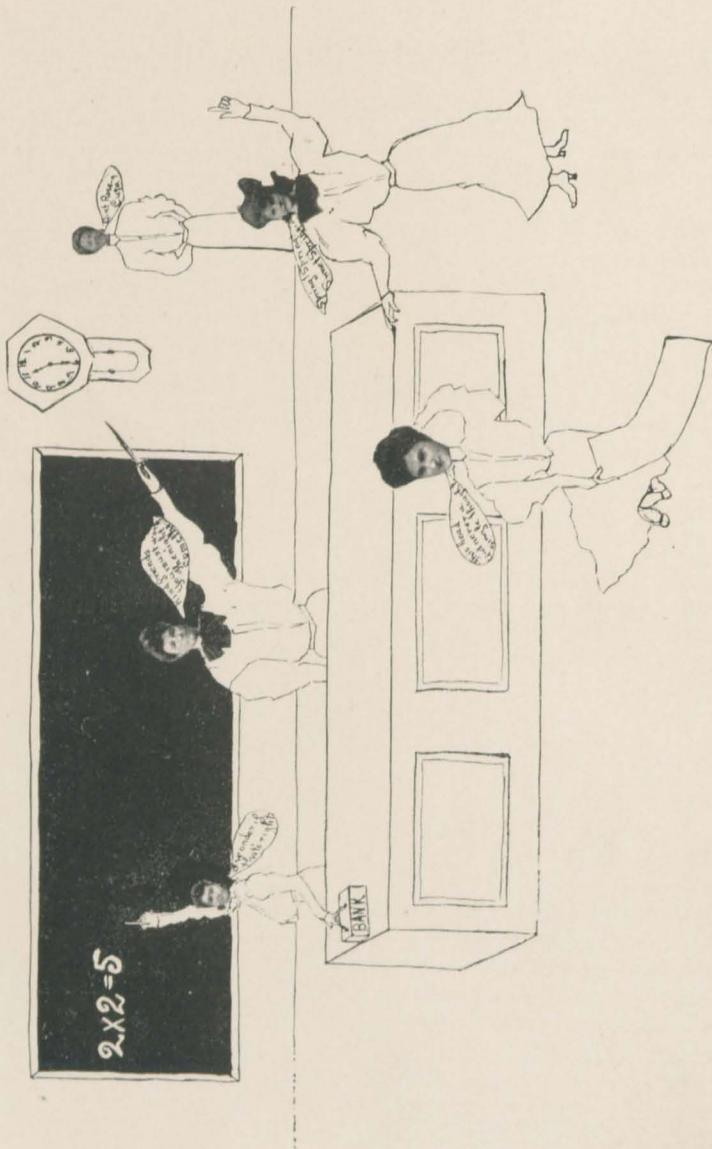
My! Don't she know her lessons,
And **A**in't she awful smart?
And does she conceal he**R** feelings
With **Y**e art that concealeth art?
Why! She's the beauty of the place,
And **O**h! her gowns are swell,
And she casts o'e**R** her score of darlings,
A quiet magne**T**ic spell.
How does she do it? **AH**, my dears,
If you'd be **A** bluffer wise,
You must learn to always shut your **M**outh,

And **M**erely ope**N** your eyes.

Good Heavens! Who is this
That **I** see coming near?
A smiling g**R**acious countenance
Dear Girl! So full of cheer,
Upon a c**L**ose examination
We find th**E** smile will not admit
Of any e**R**adication!

And was she a Machiavelli,
Or the Faculty did she coax?
No! Her name was merely **C**HANDLER,
And she hunted **S**PINSTER joax!

Here **D**oth come a lass
Who her time to p**A**ss
Writes letters long as thunder;
She writes **L**ove to a man
And his nam**E** is Ran
Her name, can **Y**ou guess, I wonder?



Adaptations from Popular Songs

"Teasing"	MR. TURNER
"The Moth and the Flame"	MISS MATTY AND MISS MARIAN
"Sweet Popularity"	MISS THALIA
"Toyland"	MISS RUDD
"The Man Behind"	MR. CUMMINGS
"A B C of Love"	MISS FROST
"Whistling Rufus"	MR. COCKE
"It was Not Like This in The Olden Days"	MISS PARKINSON
"Just Look in the Book and See"	MISS TERRELL
"Chicken"	MR. BRADLEY
"I'll Be There"	MR. ETTA
"Under the Anhauser-Busch"	MR. MICHAELIS
"I Can't Do That Sum"	MR. DUKE
"Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes"	MRS. DRAKE
"Back to The Boulevards"	DR. KUSIAN

Some of these are Parodies, some of these are not
 Some of these are very good, some of these are rot,
 But let us hope that one and all
 They 'll go right to the spot.

"The Broth and the Same"	MR. BRADLEY
"By Land"	ELEANOR DAILY
"Seizing"	MRS. CUTHERBERTSON
"Just Look in the Closet and See"	MRS. BARBEE
"Transient Popularity"	BRENT WITT
"I'll be Square"	MR. McLAUGHLIN
"I Can't Chew That Gum"	RUTH LAVENDER
"Angels Ever Bright but Rare"	3d Floor West
"After the play was over"	
"That's how my darlings were won"	ROSE SATTERFIELD
"Always do as Teachers say you Should"	SUSAN BRONSTON
"Bluecells"	Infirmary
"The Play that Never Played"	NATHAN HALE
Also "The Class that Never Stayed"	IV English
"M-o-n-e-y Spells Money"	LALLIE LEE CARPENTER
"Exact"	MISS TERRELL



"The Downfall of Nan"

IT was the family joke—the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Lindsay, otherwise known as Mrs. Jack (sometimes called Ruth) and Jack (often called Mr. Ruth) by his intimates. They laughed at Gordon, teased him mercilessly, and poked fun at him the year round, but he seemed not to mind at all and indeed indulged in it openly. "It" was his infatuation for Miss Anne Randolph's picture; she was his great-aunt and had been the reigning belle of the countryside forty years before. It was a pretty picture—there can be no doubt of that. She looked quite ready to step from the canvas at the slightest provocation and her big hazel eyes smiled into yours quite deliciously. No wonder she had won Gordon Randolph's heart—poor Randolph, of that persecuted class called eligibles, rendered callous to the winning wiles of many belles by their too pronounced eagerness to please.

He was brazenfacedly making love to it again one bright May morning.

"If you would only step down for a while," he was saying, as Mrs. Jack tripped lightly into the room, singing Bedelia, entirely out of tune. "Say, sis, you are all off the key. Have this one, won't you?" and he held out his latch key.

"Merely a *lapsus linguae*," she retorted airily, "here you are again making love to Aunt Anne. I've come to stir you up a bit. Anne Mason is

coming to stay with me quite a while and I am depending on you for her main entertainment! Now!"

She had stirred him—that was only too evident.

"Great guns, Ruth, aren't you ashamed of yourself? You know when that long-legged, red-haired kid cousin of ours, Naughty Nan we called her, used to visit here, that we hated each other. She was the torment of my college days. I'll bet she's a perfect bore now."

"She's not a kid now, Gordon, and she's grown pretty, really she has."

"You couldn't bribe me. I'm off; I couldn't stand the pressure. Why, sis, she might expect me to make love to her."

"Oh, Gordon!" there was real dismay in her voice now, "I'm going to have a *bal poudré* Monday night, and you must be here for that or I'll be short of men. Promise me you'll come for that and I'll let you off till then."

Glad to be let off so easily he promised, and therein lay his downfall.

* * * * *

"Really, Ruth, I haven't a single thing to wear to the *bal poudré*. I'll just have to stay in bed that night," and Anne Mason gave a despairing thump to the cosy-corner cushions.

"Oh, Anne, you goose, you'll have to be there; it's given for you, and I expect you to enrapture every man in the neighborhood. What shall we do?" and the rumpled head sought brain-food among the pillows. "I have it! The very thing! there's that dress of Aunt Anne's, your namesake. You've grown so much like her in the last five years that it's a wonder I had not thought of that dress before. Oh! but won't you be a vision of beauty! I know Jack is lost to me; I feel it in my prophetic bones. Come on now; let's get it and have it all ready for to-night."

And they tripped away to the garret like two schoolgirls on mischief intent.

* * * * *

The train was late and Gordon barely had time to dress as he swung from the cart and up the steps at a forty-mile gait. He hastily got into his togs, as he called them, and then, seeing that he was early, after all, he went leisurely down, looking quite the gay cavalier. He stopped in the hall and glanced out at the low French windows. The night was glorious. The moon hid all blemishes in the landscape with her silvery light, and the stars smiled him a welcome. He turned and went to "the picture," vowing in his heart to be "true always" to beautiful "Aunt Anne." A slight rustle at his back made him turn on towards the long spiral staircase, the pride of the old Vir-

ginia mansion. Did his eyes deceive him? There on the landing stood his first love, the picture, reincarnated, living, breathing, and a thousand times more beautiful than the lifeless canvas! Was it a dream? No; the vision hesitated a second, then tripped lightly down and gave a cool little hand to "Cousin Gordon."

His doom was sealed! The resemblance to his picture won his heart and then the vision itself sealed the capture. He was lost heart and soul from the minute that she coolly bade him good-evening.

* * * * *

The ball was at its height and—Gordon was miserable. He had begged for dance after dance, only to be refused by obdurate Nan. He guessed immediately that she knew the reason of his absence on her arrival, and now she would not even let him explain. He sulked visibly and cursed "that confounded Dan Archer" under his breath all the evening. It may be added that Dan was very attentive to Miss Nancy.

The evening passed slowly on and she did not allow him one minute of her time. The guests left one by one and Mrs. Jack moved softly around the house putting things to rights. Mr. Jack had retired to "the arms of Morpheus" long before the last guest had gone. They two were left standing in the blossom-perfumed hall.

"Don't you think you treated me rather shabbily, Nan? My first evening home, and not even a dance!"

"I might have expected you to make love to me," and with a laugh she hurried up the stairs, glancing mischievously over her shoulder at him.

"The mischief," he growled, "I might have known Ruth would tell her what I said. The little imp!" But whether he meant his sister or Nan remains to be seen.

The days passed on. Randolph grew more entangled in the meshes every hour, but Anne eluded him, was coolly civil, never familiar. He grew desperate and racked his brains for some way to bring her to terms; but in vain. Then one morning a week after the ball he was sitting at Mrs. Jack's desk in her morning-room off the hall. He was hidden, but had a good view of the hall. He heard Nan come in—he knew it was Nan; she always walked with a dear little dash and a rustle. He made no sound and watched her slowly go up to the picture—the picture that had been entirely forsaken in the past week. She deliberately shook her fist at it and said spitefully: "Oh, I hate you. He fancies that he loves me because I'm like you. If he really does love me for myself then let him find a way to make me give in. I'll

not do it easily," and with an odd little catch in her voice that made the man long to strain her to his heart, she gathered up her frilly skirts and stepped out of the French window on to the side piazza leading to the orchard—a wonderful orchard now—all one mass of pale pink blossoms. She looked like an apple-blossom herself—her skin was so wonderfully soft and smooth and pink. It would have made an artist rave to see her standing there—the inquisitive little zephyrs ruffling the stray curls fitfully, and now and then sending down showers of blossoms on her upturned face. The sun caressed her hair lovingly, turning it into burnished gold. Slowly she wandered toward a big apple-tree with a ladder at the base, and as if with a sudden impulse climbed up and ensconced herself in a roomy branch. The watcher in the house—for of course he had not taken his eyes off her—whistled softly and noiselessly clapped his hands together, for an idea had struck him. He hastened to the back of the house.

Not long after, old Amos, the gardener, hobbled up to Nancy's leafy retreat and bowing low, said: "Sarvant, mistis, but could I have dis here ladder for ten minutes? I gwine bring it ret back."

Nan gave her consent, but charged him not to forget her. He promised and wended his way toward the barn.

An hour passed quickly, for she had a book, but suddenly it occurred to her that she was cramped and uncomfortable, and to her dismay the ladder had not been returned. It was too far to jump—she must call, and call she did: "Ruth—Jack—Uncle Amos—"

No answer; only the echoes mocked her, and no saving grace appeared in the form of a ladder-laden Uncle Amos. But some one else did. Gordon came out on the porch and hastened over to her bower.

"Was that a cuckoo I heard?"

"No!" emphatically, "will you kindly bring me a ladder?" said a very icy voice.

"Why, it's you, Nan," in a very surprised tone.

"You didn't suppose it was an angel dropped down for the occasion, did you?" Her temper was getting ruffled.

"No, I would scarcely call you an angel. You certainly have *not* been angelic to me in the past week. Ah—will you have dinner sent up, or do you prefer coming down—or don't pseudo-angels eat?"

"Mr. Randolph, if you don't get me a ladder immediately I'll have to call again."

"Certainly, call as often as you like," and he provokingly sat down at

the base of the tree. She called and called again and again, but everybody on the place seemed to have become deaf in an hour.

At last in desperation she said angrily, "Well, what are your terms—what shall I give you if you help me down?"

"Yourself," he calmly replied. "Nan, you know I love you, and you've been spiteful in this last week just because I wasn't here when you came. How on earth was I to know that you had become the prettiest and sweetest girl in Christendom?"

"I won't, I won't, I won't! It's cowardly in you to keep me this way. I'll sit here till doomsday, though, before I'd give in."

"Oh, very well," he said, and took his seat again, gazing mildly into the distance. Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty, then a pitiful little voice—

"Randolph, if I say I care for you, will that be enough?"

"No," masterfully, "say 'I love you and will be your wife.'"

Silence! and another five minutes passed—ten—then, slowly—long-drawn out:

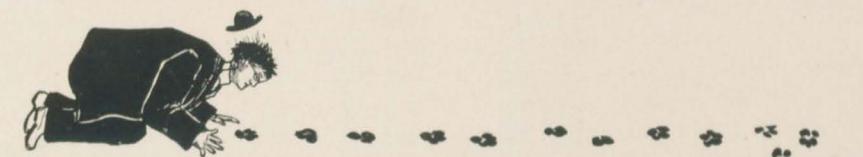
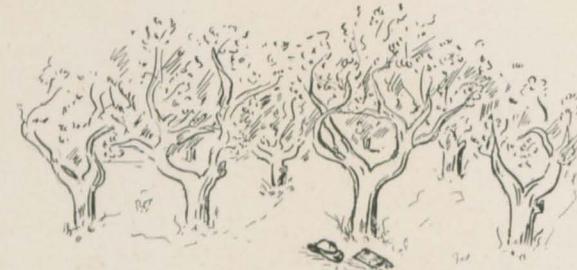
"Randolph—I—love—you—" long pause—"and will be your wife," hastily.

With the love-light shining in his eyes he sprang up and stretched out his arms, "Jump."

She hesitated a minute, then placing her hands on his shoulders (it was not so very high, after all), she sprang lightly down and landed—right next to his heart.

"You *are* an angel, after all," he murmured caressingly.

"How much did you have to bribe Uncle Amos?" she asked roguishly.



Wild Animals We Have Imagined

(After Ernest Thompson Seton)

Hollins is a community of peace and the wildest animals we know are dogs and horses. What, then, was the meaning of those mysterious tracks in the snow behind the Chapel and by the Art Building? An excited crowd gathered around, and learned professors, on their knees, examined the tracks with magnifying glasses. Finally one arose:

"Brethren," he said in a tense whisper, "bears!"

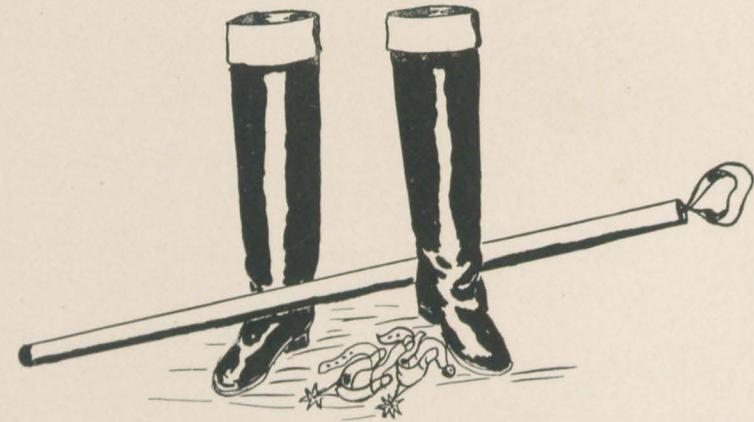
The news spread rapidly. In less than thirty minutes every soul on the grounds knew that during the night a couple of bears had visited the campus.

Ah, Valor! discretion is your better and also larger part! Windows and doors were locked, and the campus was deserted after nightfall.

The habits of the *Hollins Bears* are conspicuously peculiar. They are elusive. In fact, the animals have never really been seen, although many a heart has thumped at the sudden sight of a rain barrel or a black stump. I have never been able to find the den of these animals. They seem to come from nowhere and go nowhere. The sole disappointment is that the tracks could not be transferred to the students' "Memoir Books."

What then were these animals? Deep in my heart I have a conviction that the dogs know something about those tracks, or else the only mystery is why the snow melted in just those places. But I would not dare to suggest it to those of the magnifying glasses—and magnifying imaginations.





The Surrender of Phyllis

THE Virginia sun shone brightly over the avenue leading to Rosemere as I entered the broad gate. Yet the summer morning retained much of its freshness, and soft breezes stirred the stately oaks. I was as gay a young blade, in those days, as ever wore broidered waistcoat, or wooed a fair maid. Little thought I of the great war into which our colonies were to be plunged save as a field upon which I was to gain honors. We would send the Britishers back to their roast beef in short order, with a better appetite for their recent exertions. But Phyllis—alas, she was the staunchest of Tories, and I rode, even now, to inform her of my enlistment. To be honest, it was also to lay my heart for the seventh time at her pretty feet. When I reached the manor, cool and white in the lessening shade; I tossed my rein to the old darky who stood by. "Is Mistress Phyllis within?" I asked, in the arrogant tone we young rogues deemed manly.

"Yes, sah," grinned Cæsar. Mark you, it was not the first time I had made that inquiry.

I ran up the wide steps, and into the rose-scented parlor. I anticipated a long wait, for ladies will be ladies, and I doubt not that they will always keep their faithful swains waiting. Vainly I strove to be at ease. My coat which I had donned with some pleasure seemed wrinkled and ill-fitting; I could detect spots on my once shining shoe-buckles. Rising, I tried with one finger a tune on the spinet, then reseating myself, drew patterns on the floor with my crop. A tap of little heels, a rustle of skirts, and my heart stood

still, only to pound blood into my face. "Steady!" I muttered, and rose to greet my lady.

She swept me the lowest of courtesies. Ye gods! she was fair, as she stood, her radiant figure framed in the doorway.

"'T is long since master—nay, pardon me—Captain Keith has honored us with his presence," she said. I had ridden over the day before.

"Then you have heard, Phyllis!" I cried eagerly. "Do you care?"

"Care?" she retorted, playing with the ivory sticks of her fan, "yes, it grieves me exceedingly that my one-time playmate should prove disloyal to his king."

"Disloyal? Ay, and proud of such disloyalty as we are guilty of!" I was launching forth into a sea of discussion of the subject so dear to me. She smiled. Surely the Cupid's bow were weapon enough without the distracting dimple in her chin.

I softened and said tenderly, "Phyllis, Phyllis, are you sending one who truly loves you away, without one word, perhaps to his death?"

"We are enemies," she answered proudly, "and as such we part!"

* * * * *

Again I rode down the lane of Rosemere, but how different the circumstances. That last time I had been a youth, far more confident of my untried powers than now, a man matured in the bitterest of schools—war. But a year had passed. A very full year. One of stern activity, and during this time I carried always with me the image of my one-time playmate, ever my love. Being stationed near by, the temptation of seeing her was yielded to, and I had set forth at I knew not what risk.

As I took the familiar path I came upon old Cæsar, busy with some rose bushes. Throwing up both hands, he exclaimed: "Well fo' de Lawd's sake, ef 'n dat ain't Marse Harry!"

I hurriedly asked him of the state of the family.

"Ole Miss, she's gest rid ovah tuh Kunnel Cystoh's, but Miss Phyllis, she's at home."

I left him still chuckling to himself, and once more ran up the steps. As I paused at the door, Phyllis herself passed, dainty and lovely in her cool muslin. "Harry!" she cried, pausing, and dropped the mass of flowers she held.

I stooped to pick them up. "May I speak with you but a moment, Mistress Thornton?" I asked humbly. She ran into the parlor; I followed meekly.

"Come in," she said, "you—you startled me!"

"Doubtless I am somewhat terrifying," I answered, "my coat is not the latest cut," with some irony, "nor my boots of the highest polish." My famished eyes drank in every detail of her as she stood before me. She remained silent, a trick new to Phyllis. Young Malachi at this juncture ran in, his face and eyes blushing to an ashen hue.

"Dey's uh whole passel ob redcoats a-cummin' up de lane, an' dey says dey's a-cum after Kunnel Keith! I tells um day ain't nobody hyar cep'n Marse Harry."

Phyllis paled and gripped the back of a chair. "Could they shoot you for a spy?" she faltered. Then, "Quick, Malachi! tell them to come in! Harry, the clock-case. For God's sake hasten!"

She hid me securely in the case of a great clock and none too soon, for hardly had she slammed the lid when the cavalcade was at the door. The leader entered and courteously saluted Mistress Thornton.

"T is much against my wishes that I enter thus your house, my lady," he said. I could plainly hear all that passed. "But my orders bid me search for that most infamous and daring of raiders, Harry Keith."

Calm and honey-sweet was Phyllis' reply.

"I had thought my sentiments too well known, and my honor too well preserved, for this insult, Major Dere."

"Grieved, indeed, most sorely, am I, Mistress Thornton," spoke the officer, "but the darky says—"

She fired up immediately.

"So my word prevails not against a servant! Go, search my home, and if you like, place me under arrest!"

Her words were not loud, yet I dare say each made its impression upon Major Dere. Murmuring profuse apologies, he left the room, and in short order I could hear their footsteps—he and his men—in the upper chambers. The parlor was very still. I could distinguish no movement of Phyllis until after what seemed hours. Major Dere returned. The clanking of many sabres was heard; indeed, the room seemed full of armed men. The leader spoke, more apologetically than ever it appeared.

"Of course, Mistress Thornton, I had no thought that you had concealed this fellow Keith, yet—"

"Perhaps then I spoke truly," said she, curtly. "Good day."

When the last horse had galloped away and all was silent again, she flung open the door of my prison.

"You are free," said she, a little catch in her voice, "go in safety." I knelt at her feet.

"I am your prisoner," I said, "do with me what you will."

"I give you your liberty, only—oh, Harry, do be careful!"

Her superb courage had left her, and she buried her face in both hands. A light broke over me—the sudden sunrise of my happiness.

"Phyllis, you love me!" I cried. Slowly she raised her head, sweet surrender in her eyes.

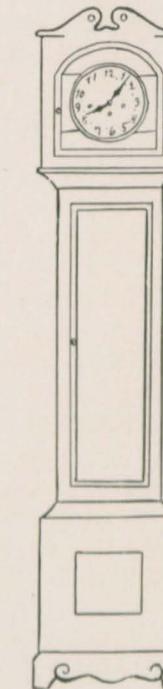
"The victory is yours," she said; "I am unarmed."

I kissed the Cupid's bow.

"My little Tory! When the war is ended—"

"When the war is ended," she finished, "you will come home."

CATHERINE PAGE JONES.



THE SPINSTER

PRESENTS

David Garrick

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAVID GARRICK	R. M. Satterfield
Simon Ingot	M. L. Thompson
Squire Chivy	A. M. Gedge
Mr. Smith	L. Smith
Mr. Jones	M. G. Nottingham
Mr. Brown	R. M. Thompson
George (Valet to Garrick)	L. West
Servant	L. L. Carpenter
Thomas	M. J. Chandler
Ada Ingot	Miss Mary Wortham
Mrs. Smith	Miss Brent Witt
Araminta Brown	Miss Jensy Loop

Period 1742

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Apartment in Mr. Ingot's house.
ACT II. The same as Act I.
ACT III. Library in Garrick's apartment.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

LALLIE LEE CARPENTER

M. J. CHANDLER

Hollins Theatre, Nov. 14, 1904.

LOLA SMITH

Press Notices of the Performances

The Hollins Opera House was crowded to the full by an elite and fashionable audience on the night of November 14. The whole Hollins city and surrounding suburbs were represented; we noticed in the boxes and orchestra stalls almost every one of our debutantes and leaders of Hollins society. All were loudly enthusiastic at the high-class performance given by the famous Spinster Strollers.

We feel much gratified that the Strollers should recognize the advantage of giving any of their plays here. The newspaper reports from all over the country testify so largely to the talent displayed by the company that we feel complimented at them playing here—even if it was only a one night stand.

The hero and heroine, Miss Rose Satterfield and Mary Wortham, were alluringly handsome, and made a most charming pair. The scenery was remarkably effective and each change seemed more varied and brilliant than the last.

Such a creditable performance was thoroughly worthy of the famous Spinster Troupe.—*Hollins Times*, Hollins, Va., Nov. 16, 1904.

You missed it if you did not see "David Garrick" at the Hollins Theatre November 14th. Funny bright, snappy, and clever acting—Brilliant costumes; stage settings and scenery elaborate and expensive.

Under the splendid management of M. M. Harrison, coach and stage manager, the cast was excellently trained, and the play went off in great style. Don't miss them next time. It was a treat for all the large and appreciative audience.—*Tinker Creek Dispatch*. Tinker Creek, Va.

M. M. Harrison presented Miss Rose Satterfield and company here last evening in the lively comedy entitled: "David Garrick."

Miss Satterfield made an idea, Garrick, portraying both the serious and humorous sides of his character with clever dramatic insight. Miss Mary Wortham also made a most charming heroine; petulant, gay or most serious in her love for Garrick. She carried with her the warm approval and appreciation of the large audience.

Of course, since Hollins City has grown so prosperous and wealthy a borough we feel entitled to a high-grade class of shows. And of late years we have generally received such. But we consider last night's performance the ablest of all.

We have been made familiar with the work of the "Stars" in the previous visits of the Strollers. But last evening we had a new member, and stage debutante, who gives promise of an excellent stage career. Miss Gedge's portrayal of Chivy was clever and yet reserved. We prophesy her success in a larger field. The cast was ably supported and the main characters caused continuous and hearty laughter among the audience. We will eagerly welcome the "Strollers" back again.—*Cloverdale Post*. Cloverdale Va.

COMIC SUPPLEMENT

HOLLINS INSTITUTE

The Rise and Fall of the Pompadour.

It has had its decline and fall—

The pomp dour,

But like unto Rome, that was not all

Of the pompadour.

It rose again 'neath another sky,

Undying pompadour,

Though not so broad and not so high

Was this pompadour.

Now 'tis held dear to every heart,

Loved pompadour,

And therefore takes a prominent part—

Petite (?) pompadour.

What makes a maid so wondrous fair?

Why her pompadour.

She puffs and fluffs with oodles of care

On that pompadour.

And why do some folks look so wild?

'Tis the pompadour.

They puff them in that floppy style,

Such pompadours !

Wear your hair the way it looks best

In a pompadour,

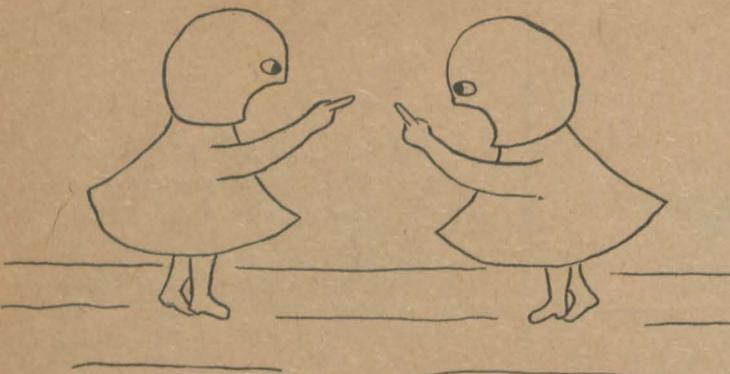
Judge not your own by all the rest

Of these pompadours.

M. B. GRANT.



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Carts and Bipeds call at any part of the campus.

No 'Phones.

There was a young man at a ball
Who slipped up out in the hall,
When he looked up again
He seemed quite insane
For he had "wrecked a train" by
his fall.

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DOG FANCIERS
Pointers and Setters Especially.

A rainy day, a muddy street,
A pretty girl, some little feet,
A young man, a sudden fall,
and that's all.

Annie Clarke—"What is parallel?
I believe I'm the only girl in school
that doesn't take that class."

A closet in time saves a Golden Report.

"The time has come," said Annie C.
To talk of many things,
Of frats. and slams and gentlemen,
Of teachers and darlings;

But wait a bit, the others cried,
Before we have our chat
For some of us are out of news
And all we want is that,
But Annie C. could not abstain
So on the bed they sat.

A bit of gossip, Lallie said,
Is what we chiefly need,
Scandals you've made up besides,
Is very good indeed;
Now if you're ready, dearest friends'
I'm here to take the lead.

The gossips sat all deep in thought
But never a word they said,
The foremost gossip winked her eye
And sadly shook her head,
"The worst in school are gathered
here
And now some slams we'll try."

"Oh, not on us," the others cried,
Turning a little blue,
"After our compact that would be
A sneaky thing to do!"
But Annie C. stuck out her chin
"Such things should not hurt you!"

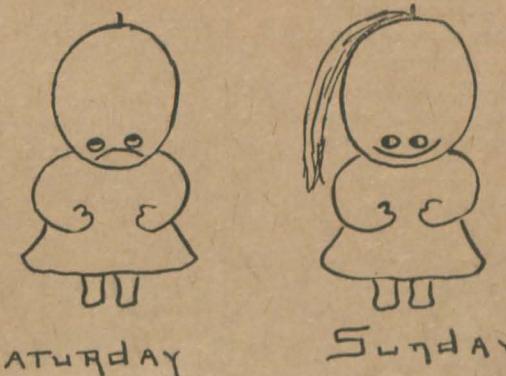
"It seems a shame," said Roy D.,
To play them such a trick
Because we led them on so far
And made them tell so quick,
If I should tell just half I know
You all would be quite sick!"

"I weep for them," said Lallie C.,
"I deeply sympathize."
While Annie held her handkerchief
Before her streaming eyes,
"It's hard, indeed, to tell the truth
For we've so many tempting lies!"

MARVELOUS TWENTIETH CENTURY HAIR TONIC!

Grows Hair in One Night

Directions simple—the dullest can comprehend at one reading. Apply every Saturday night after Society and the results will be evident to the most casual observer on Sunday morning.



TESTIMONIALS.

Your tonic's a peach! Gee! But I wish you could see how my hair has grown since Christmas. I use it every day.

EMILY WOODALL.

My friends often wonder why my hair becomes so thick and heavy on Sundays and Mondays. I refer them to your cure.

ARTIE RIPPY.

I wonder that people are so slow about trying to thicken their hair. Here I have been using it all along and my hair as it appears every day is proof of its wonders.

MARY LOU THOMPSON.

My hair is rather thick, but people are so crazy now about lots and lots of hair that I find your remedy splendid when I go to entertainments.

KATE STEINER.

Having tried every other remedy, I have just heard of yours, and now I use it every Saturday night and by Sunday my hair is too heavy to fix in the usual way.

SINA LEE HARRIS.

EXPERT PIANO TUNER

IMPROPTU COMPOSER.
MR. HODGSON.

Will tune your piano while you practice.

There was an old maid who said,
"There!"
I fear I must put on false hair
For though I'm not at all old
My head does get cold
Whenever I go out in the air!

MISS P. MARKINSON,

MAIN TERRACE
*Unredeemed Pledges
For Sale.*

"LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE."

I.

Frank is always telling jokes!
Rosa laughs, but other folks
Pay no heed to Frank's old jolks—
Rosa says, "Frank is so bright!"
Ain't it good she thinks she's right?

II.

There was a young husband named Joe
Who oft to his office did go,
But whenever he went
On business intent,
Mary went too, you might know.

III.

Now Mary grew thin, for she'd nothing to do,
So she took to fine arts and learned not a few,
But these kept her away,
From Joe every day,
So now she takes typewriting too.

IV.

There was a professor named Mack
Who knew music well, for a fact,
But of Logic and Lit
He knew not a bit,
But his wife now supplies what he lacked.

COMIC SUPPLEMENT

RECIPE FOR GETTING TO
BREAKFAST ON TIME.

Rise when the last triangle has ceased to beat (a very important ingredient). Stir together a rain coat and a Peter Thompson shield, previously prepared by the maternal relative. Add to this a judicious mixture of shoes and stockings, and sprinkle on it a little hair brushing. Then get a start and with a slide, fall and a bump you are at the door and presto! Miss Matty rings the bell.

There was a young maid of Hollins
Who thought she was "it" in
Third Lit.
Mr. Cummings gave them an exam.
And now she has made an ex-it.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of lead
Mingled with some gravel
Make our nice corn bread.

Some people are born squelchy,
some people acquire squelchiness,
and some have *squelches* thrust upon
them.

Apple Pie!
My, oh! My!
Slush!
Mush!
Trash!
Mash!
Bosh!
Gosh!

"The spring is cut," the poet sang,
And blew his reverend nose;
I cannot sing its beauties bright,
I only lie and doze."

KATHERINE, KORRELL & KO.,
Manufacturers of Kisses.

There is a relish called "Cream of
Wheat"
Which as a breakfast food other
folks eat,
Mixed with some nice dirt
We have it as dessert
This adorable, sweet "Cream of
Wheat."

Miss C. "What is that famous
glambling place in Europe? Isn't it
Delmonico's?"

Miss A. (superciliously). "No in-
deed! You mean Monte Cristo."

Miss C. (dreamily). "That's so!
He did have lots of money, didn't
he?"

Mrs. Cuthbertson rushes in where
skippers fear to sit.





SPINSTER STAFF, JUNE 1905—Grown Aged in one Year



Dearest Friends—

Haven't you heard people, when they see an old maid, wonder if she ever had a romance in her life? I have my love-story, and it is a love-story that will last. I have woven it into the woof of this, the Hollins Year Book for 1905—the love that exists between you, the Hollins girls, and me. Your sympathy will condone my faults, and your love will magnify my virtues.

Between these two greatest of things, Sympathy and Love, I know none of you will notice my wrinkles. So, resting on the surety of knowing that you love me, I am

Your devoted

SPINSTER

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The Date of the Publication of the First SPINSTER, to 1905

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1904

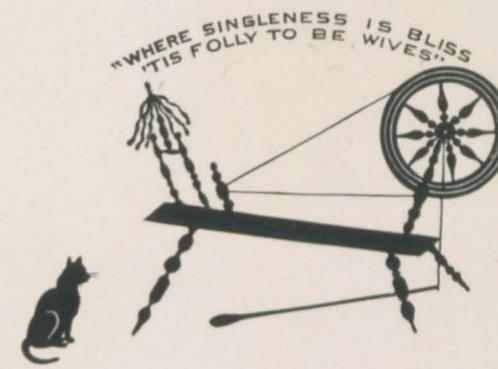
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Older grow—and ever wiser.
'Neath the shadow of old Tinker—
In the Valley of Virginia—
May your memory be cherished
Unto years we know not now of."
Such the wish, with which we greet you;
AND we trust you'll not despise it,
Coming from us—your well-wishers—
Of the near-by "Magic City."

*Razzle, dazzle,
Hobble, gobble,
Sis-bum-bah,
Hollins, Hollins,
Rah! rah! rah!*

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"Beware, O man, lest thou shouldst live
Alone to eat, and not to eat each day
To live"—but 't was not his fate to give
Such meals as now we daily find—
Those meats and sweets with which one tries
Each day the hearts of hungry men to bind,
And every hungry one now loudly cries,
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